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COMMITTEE  
OF THE  
RELIGIOUS SOCIETY  
OF FRIENDS OF  
PHILADELPHIA  
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FRIENDS' BOARDING SCHOOL FOR INDIAN CHILDREN, TUNESANSA, N. Y.  
(From North Hill)

*Frontispiece.*





# QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES

A SERIES OF SKETCHES,

CHIEFLY BIOGRAPHICAL, CONCERNING MEMBERS OF THE  
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM THE SEVENTEENTH  
CENTURY TO MORE RECENT TIMES

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
JOHN WOOLMAN, <i>by Edith Bardsley Bellows,</i> . . .	7
THOMAS CHALKLEY, <i>by Walter Brinton,</i> . . .	37
THOMAS STORY, <i>by Katharine E. Rhoads,</i> . . .	59
MARY PRYOR, <i>by M. Elizabeth Haines,</i> . . .	69
ANTHONY BENEZET, <i>by Mary S. Allen,</i> . . .	85
INDIAN EMBASSAGES, <i>by Elizabeth W. Warner,</i> .	109
SAMUEL EMLIN, <i>by Elizabeth S. Pennell,</i> . . .	141
EXILES OF VIRGINIA, <i>by Ann Sharpless,</i> . . .	157
ARTHUR HOWELL, <i>by Mary Elizabeth Hopkins,</i> .	173
JOHN CHURCHMAN, <i>by Davis H. Forsythe,</i> . .	195





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
School for Indian Children, Tunesassa, N. Y., . . .	Frontispiece
John Woolman's House, Mt. Holly, N. J., . . . . .	29
John Woolman's Grave, York, England, . . . . .	33
Chalkley Hall in 1838, . . . . .	47
Ancient Burial Ground for Friends, Tortola, . . . . .	57
Nonesuch House, London, . . . . .	71
High Street (Market Street), Philadelphia, in 1799, . . .	81
Portrait of Thomas Clarkson, . . . . .	95
Cornplanter and Red Jacket, . . . . .	111
Silhouette of William Savery, . . . . .	121
Gerard Hopkins of Baltimore, a Silhouette, . . . . .	129
Thomas Wistar, of Abington, near Philadelphia, . . . . .	137
George and Sarah Dillwyn, a Sketch, . . . . .	147
Hopewell Meeting House, Virginia, . . . . .	157
James Pemberton, . . . . .	165
Friends' Burial Ground, Germantown, . . . . .	177
Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, . . . . .	187
An Almshouse Cottage, Walnut Place, Philadelphia, . . . .	193
Caleb Pusey's House, near Chester, Pa., . . . . .	197
John Churchman's Home, . . . . .	209
A "Mason and Dixon's Line" Stone, . . . . .	215



**JOHN WOOLMAN**  
(1720–1772)

*“He who professeth to believe in one Almighty Creator, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and is yet more intent on the honors, profits, and friendships of the world than he is, in singleness of heart, to stand faithful to the Christian religion, is in the channel of idolatry; while the Gentile, who, notwithstanding some mistaken opinions, is established in the true principle of virtue, and humbly adores an Almighty Power, may be of the number that fear God and work righteousness.”*

From John Woolman's "Journal."

## JOHN WOOLMAN.

If the people who knew John Woolman in his young manhood, say between the years 1740 and 1760, had been told that his words and work would lead to a moral, social, and political revolution which would take place nearly a century after his death, they would probably have rejected the prophecy as being quite unworthy of notice. For what did the men and women of his day see in John Woolman? A very plain, quiet man, not particularly well educated, who made a living at tailoring, and spent much time traveling about the country preaching. Probably the only thing about him which they considered really remarkable was a sturdy and settled opposition to a custom which most other people considered perfectly right and proper, that of holding negroes as slaves.

Within the Society of Friends there were no doubt many who realized that John Woolman was a pure-spirited, tender-hearted man, a faithful minister of the Gospel, and a valuable member of the Society. But even his intimate associates would be unable to foresee what a widespread influence his faithful labors and testimony would have, and how they would be used to the undoing of the evil work of centuries.

To-day we can look back over the history of the

abolition of the slave trade in America, and see plainly what a very large part John Woolman's quiet work of preparation had to do with it; and we can see that, though he in his meekness and quietness thought himself only one of God's "little ones," with no power nor might to do any great thing, yet he was used to influence so many others that his power was increased a thousand fold, and the words of the prophet, "A little one shall become a thousand," seem to have been fulfilled in his case.

John Woolman was born in Eighth Month, 1720, at Northampton, Burlington County, West Jersey—as that part of New Jersey was then called—and he died, aged fifty-two years, in 1772.

He spent nearly the whole of his life in America, but was in England on a religious visit when the time came for him to die.

When he was thirty-six he began to keep a Journal, and from it we learn the story of his life. He was too humble and modest to write very much about himself and his own affairs, so we have to make the most we can of the very little he tells us concerning his own life and about his family. His chief concern in writing the Journal seems to have been to let those who might come after him know about his experience of the goodness of God, and also to teach and persuade all whom he could reach to love one another, and to deal kindly and tenderly with the weak and dependent ones.

When he was quite a little boy he had thoroughly learned from his parents that it is both foolish and

sinful to practice cruelty on even the lowest of created things, and that he who has true courage is always tender toward the weak. In his Journal he tells us, with a great deal of honesty, how once in a moment of boyish thoughtlessness he forgot these lessons and what the consequence was. He was going to a neighbor's house and saw on the way a robin sitting on her nest. As he drew near she flew off, but having young ones she fluttered about and cried out her fears for them. The boy, without thinking what the result might be, stood and threw stones at her, and one striking her she fell down dead. At first he was rather pleased at being such a successful marksman, but in a very short time there came over him a feeling of horror at having in a sportive way killed this innocent creature while she was careful of her young. He saw her lying dead, and thought of the little ones in the nest now sure to die of hunger and cold for want of their mother to nourish them. This was very painful to the boy, for his heart was now tender, and he knew that he had done a cowardly and cruel thing; so after studying over the matter for a time he concluded that the best thing to do was to climb the tree, take all the young birds and kill them at once, rather than leave them to pine away and die slowly and miserably. It took some courage to do this, for it was very different from the thoughtless throwing of stones at the older bird on the wing; but we shall notice that throughout his life John Woolman always found the courage to do that which was disagreeable to him, if he felt it to be his duty.



After disposing of the young birds he went on his errand, and for some hours could think of little other than the cruelties he had committed. He felt that the Father of all has placed a feeling in every mind which inclines us to exercise goodness toward all living creatures, and if we attend to it we are made more and more tender and gentle, but if we turn away from it we may become of a cruel disposition. This one experience was enough for him. He never again had to reproach himself for any act of unkindness to animals. To the end of his life he taught and practiced the duty of compassion to all creatures whom their Creator and ours has placed under our power.

Before John Woolman was seven years old he felt the love of his Heavenly Father working in his heart. One of his earliest recollections was that, as he went from school one day, while his companions were playing by the way, he went forward by himself and sat down to read the twenty-second chapter of Revelation, with its description of the new Jerusalem. When he wrote about this in his Journal, nearly thirty years later, he records that the place where he sat and the sweetness that attended his mind on that occasion long remained fresh in his memory.

He also records an experience of a different kind which may be mentioned. When he was about twelve years of age, his father being away from home, John was guilty of some misconduct toward his mother which he does not describe exactly, only telling us that when she reproved him he made an undutiful reply. When his father heard of the matter

he had a talk with John and showed him his fault. The boy was filled with shame, and did not try to excuse himself, but went away to a quiet place to pray for forgiveness. Telling about it in his Journal he says: "And I do not remember that I ever afterwards spoke unhandsomely to either of my parents, however foolish in some other things." In this case, as with the incident of the robins, one lesson seems to have been enough. He must have been an unusual child in that respect.

As a boy of sixteen or seventeen he spent a great deal of his time in fun and pleasure-seeking. He seems to have been a merry youth, and the young people of his town liked his company. After a while he found that, by spending so much time in amusing himself he was being led away to do wrong, and to neglect those things which would enable him to become a useful servant of God, and that is what he truly wanted to be. He gave up, therefore, the companions who seemed hurtful to him and chose others who were able to understand and to help him in his efforts to be good and useful.

He was now about eighteen years of age and still living with his parents and working on their Jersey farm, or plantation. He liked to attend meetings both for worship and business, and about this time began to feel growing up in his heart that tender love for all his fellow-creatures which afterwards appeared so beautifully in his life.

At twenty-one he left home and engaged in business as a shop-keeper and baker with a man at Mount

Holly, about five miles from his father's house. He slept at the store and in the evenings was mostly by himself. Sitting alone in this way he had time to think over the loving way in which his Heavenly Father had led him, and there rose up within him a great love and compassion toward other young people ; he felt such sympathy with those among them who found it difficult to do what is right, that he began to be willing to be used in helping them. In this way his ministry was begun, speaking a few words in meeting as the Holy Spirit enabled him.

This brings us to the time when he first came in direct contact with slavery. It was during his engagement at the store at Mount Holly. His employer owned a negro woman whom he sold, and as John Woolman was the book-keeper he was desired to write a bill of sale. The purchaser was waiting, and it had to be done at once, so he had no time for consideration and wrote the bill ; but afterwards his mind was uneasy. It seemed to him that by making out that bill he had, as it were, written away the life of a human being. He remembered that it was his master who had directed him to do it, and that he was a man much older than himself ; also it was a member of the Society of Friends who had bought the woman ; still his heart was not at rest until he spoke right out before the two older men and said that he believed slave-keeping to be a practice inconsistent with the Christian religion. After doing so he felt easier. Then he resolved that never again would he have anything to do with this traffic against which

his conscience revolted. This event, simple and unimportant as it seems, was made instrumental in breaking down the slave trade in America. The sale of the negro woman in the small store at Mount Holly was the starting-point of John Woolman's life-long testimony against slavery. He began the work when he was twenty-two years of age; he laid it down only at his death.

He commenced at once to carry out his determination to have no part, direct or indirect, in slave traffic. It was a usual thing for his friends and neighbors to bring to him any important papers they wished to have written, and soon after the incident in the store a sick man sent to him to have his will made. It appeared that the man held slaves whom he intended leaving to his children. On this account John Woolman would not make the will, though he would have been well paid for doing so, and his refusal gave offence. This occurred several times, and on more than one occasion the owner of slaves was convinced of the wrong he was committing and was persuaded to set his slaves free instead of leaving them as property to his children. Beginning in this way, with faithfulness in smaller things, John Woolman was soon intrusted with a larger mission. His first mention of it as a definite concern was when on a religious visit to Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina in 1746. To him the prevalence of slavery appeared as a dark gloominess overhanging the land.

Friends, like all other people, owned slaves, and though they were careful to treat them with kindness

and to give them some moral and religious training an inward sense of right led some members from time to time to urge upon Friends generally the inconsistency of slave-holding with the profession of Christianity. Chester Quarterly Meeting particularly had been making efforts for some years before John Woolman was born to persuade the Yearly Meeting for the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Colonies to take a decided stand against this traffic in human beings. But from 1716 to 1743 these efforts had not met with the success they deserved. The strongest expression that could be obtained from the Yearly Meeting was a desire that Friends would avoid, as much as may be, the buying of negroes. But it was expressly stated that this was only caution and not censure. So when John Woolman began his religious visits to the different settlements he found wherever he went that his fellow-professors were entangled in the mischief of slavery. He noticed that the customs of slavery were working harm, not only to the poor negroes, but also to white people and their children by encouraging idleness, pride, and a spirit of oppression, and he realized that the support of such a custom was weakening and crushing out the spiritual life of certain communities. In love, but at the same time with great faithfulness, he endeavored to convince the people of their error. It seemed a hopeless enterprise, the evil custom was so firmly established and considered by almost everyone to be perfectly natural and necessary. Yet John Woolman seems never to have doubted the power of simple

truth to eradicate it, nor to have hesitated as to his own duty in regard to it.

It was during this journey that the question was forced on his attention—what ought to be his behavior toward slave-holders who were kind enough to welcome him to their homes? He says: “When I ate, drank, and lodged free of cost with the people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves, I felt uneasy, and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found this uneasiness returned upon me at times through the whole visit.” He had to choose between offending his friends or going contrary to the directions of his conscience, which urged him to deliver his testimony against the evil custom. His determination to have nothing to do with slavery, even in an indirect way, made it impossible for him to accept the gifts of hospitality from those who were making gain from the labor of slaves. So he adopted a plan of his own to suit the difficult occasion. When he left a Friend’s house where he had been entertained, and where he had been served by slaves, he would speak privately to the heads of the family and ask them to accept from him some money and give it to such of their negroes as they believed would make the best use of it; and at other times he himself gave the money to the negroes, according as the way looked clear to him.

It was difficult for those slave-holding planters to understand this objection of their guest to receiving as a gift food and lodging which he regarded as the gain of oppression, and his offering money to them

was a trial both to him and to them; but he went about it in such a spirit of love and gentleness that he rarely gave offence, and in many cases they were persuaded to free themselves from what, in the pure, clear light he had brought, they saw to be evil.

On his return from this journey he wrote a pamphlet on "*The Keeping of Negroes*," though it was not published until 1754, a second part being printed in 1762.

In order that he might be more free to serve others and to be a minister and messenger of his Heavenly Father, he decided at the early age of twenty-three years that he would not pursue any business that needed all his time and attention. Accordingly, he learned tailoring, believing that by following that trade he could make a sufficient living in a plain way without taking upon himself a load of business, which, though it might enable him to live in greater comfort and to enjoy himself more, would occupy the time he could otherwise give to the service of others.

At first he sold trimmings and cloth in addition to making clothes, but he found that his business increased until it became a burden to him, so he quietly advised his customers to turn to some other shop, as he intended wholly to give up trading in merchandise and to follow tailoring alone. And though he married and brought up a small family, he never found it necessary to engage in any greater business. He believed truth required him to live free from what he calls "outward cumber," that he might be the more ready to attend to the voice and leading of the Good Shepherd.

There was, however, another reason which must be mentioned, and which John Woolman frequently refers to as having great power with him in checking all desire to extend his business. He was convinced that many people were obliged to work far harder than ever their Creator intended. He saw that this unnecessary toil was occasioned by a great desire on the part of some for luxuries in the way of specially fine clothes and dainty things to eat. He judged that the people whose lives were given over to grinding and sometimes degrading labor were thus hindered from spending any time on their own improvement, and that their spiritual development was also hampered. He remarks: 'Though trading in things useful is an honest employ, yet through the great number of superfluities which are bought and sold, they who apply to merchandise for a living have great need to be well experienced in that precept which the prophet Jeremiah laid down: 'Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.''' He believed that every degree of luxury has some connection with evil, and that if those who profess to be disciples of Christ have that mind in them which was also in Christ Jesus, they will be willing to deprive themselves in order to be a means of help to the weaker. He wrote an essay on this subject which was published in 1793 and entitled "*A Word of Remembrance and Caution to the Rich.*"

Of course, his views on luxury made him thoroughly approve of Friends' observance of simplicity in dress; but in this he went further than most



Friends, for he even had an objection to wearing clothing that had been dyed.

One great objection that he had to dyes was that they concealed dirt, and people who wore dyed clothing never knew just how dirty they might be ; the great longing in his mind was " that people might come into cleanness of spirit, cleanness of person, and cleanness about their houses and garments." He thought, therefore, that the custom of dyeing could not be considered a good one, as dyes were invented partly to please the eye and partly to hide dirt.

Accordingly, as his dyed clothing wore out, he made himself others of undyed homespun cloth, and got himself a hat the natural color of the fur, probably beaver, instead of the smooth white hat which those who followed the fashions wore at that time. He must have made a singular appearance, and those who could not understand his pure motives were, no doubt, inclined to laugh at him. Some were even ashamed to be seen in his company, and this gave him much pain, for he was a modest, sensitive man, and had no desire to make himself more noticeable than other people by wearing this peculiar dress ; his willingness to do it was another evidence of the courage with which he marched along the path of duty, no matter how painful or disagreeable he might find the way. John Woolman may not have thought the wearing of a certain style of hat or coat would make him a better man than others ; he did it because he saw that the desire for fine clothes caused some to spend money and time on procuring them which they

should have devoted to doing good to others. In many cases he noticed that in order to obtain money to spend on clothes that were not needful, people would cause their slaves and other helpers to work too hard or too long for their strength, or for too little money. Against all this waste, selfishness, and oppression he bore testimony by adopting the simplest possible mode of dressing. And there is still need for Friends to bear the same testimony.

John Woolman did not put his own wishes and natural feelings before the good of others, nor did he avoid the doing of a task because it was unpleasant. He was not the only one amongst Friends who considered that slave-keeping should be given up by all who professed to be Christian people, but most others hesitated to speak against the custom for fear of offending those wealthy Friends who owned large plantations and used slave labor. John Woolman, on the other hand, went from one meeting to another, speaking sometimes publicly to all the members assembled, sometimes privately to individuals in their homes, always in love, but quite firmly urging his fellow-members to give their slaves freedom at once as an act of obedience to Christ. He told them plainly that to hold slaves was hurtful to all concerned, that it was wrong and should be immediately stopped, no matter if by so doing they suffered loss. In this way he persuaded a number of people to give their slaves freedom. It was not, however, until 1758 that the effect of his labors on the Society of Friends as a body appeared. When the Yearly

Meeting of that date gathered at Philadelphia it was soon seen that the labors of Woolman and the few others who had the same feeling with regard to slavery had not been in vain. There was a deep and tender interest shown, and all felt that the time had come when Friends must decide what action they would take. John Woolman, of course, was present, and doubtless there were many who never suspected what a very large part this man, so humble and poor in outward appearance, had taken in bringing Friends to this important point. When the subject of slave-keeping came up, many Friends spoke their minds, and none openly defended the custom of slavery, but some urged that it might be well to wait patiently until the Lord in his own time should open the way for the deliverance of the slaves. This was replied to by John Woolman in beautiful words which may be read in his Journal. He pointed out that the Lord had already opened their understanding concerning their duty towards the captive people, and that they had no right to delay. He warned his hearers that if they should neglect to do their duty because of a regard for those who would lose a great deal, or for fear of offending some of their special friends, and still wait for something extraordinary to happen to bring about the deliverance of the slaves, God might answer them in some terrible way because of their refusing to follow the right path when it lay clear before them. It almost seemed as if John Woolman could foresee the dreadful war which one hundred years later brought about the complete emancipation

of the slave in America. Fortunately, long before that time arrived, Friends had cleared themselves of the evil. John Woolman's solemn appeal on this occasion met with much sympathy and unity; in the end the meeting agreed that the command of our Lord to do to others as we would that others should do to us, should cause Friends who held slaves to set them at liberty, and four Friends, John Woolman, John Scarborough, Daniel Stanton, and John Sykes, were appointed to visit and talk with those who kept slaves. These visits were attended with much success, the practice of buying and selling slaves was almost entirely given up, and many who held slaves set them at liberty. But there still remained some members who would not yield, and at last, in 1776, four years after John Woolman's death, it was decided to "deny the right of membership to such as persisted in holding their fellow-men as property." The man who was so largely responsible for bringing this about little knew how far his influence was destined to extend; it may be traced wherever any steps were taken towards the freeing of slaves, whether in this country or in Europe. Men in whom John Woolman had aroused a feeling against slavery were, in their turn, the means of stirring up others. After the Friends had succeeded in clearing themselves of the evil, they entered heartily into plans for bringing about the emancipation of all slaves, and in 1790 memorials against slavery from the Society of Friends were laid before the first Congress of the United States; nor did these efforts cease until the proclama-

tion of President Lincoln brought liberty to every slave in the land.

The tender love for all mankind which filled the heart of John Woolman drew him to the aid and comforting of any within his reach who suffered or were in any way oppressed. In the summer of 1761 he happened to fall into the company of some Indians from the east branch of the Susquehanna River. For many years he had felt love in his heart towards the neglected people who dwelt in the wilderness, and he had, as he said, "an inward drawing" to visit them.

So in Sixth Month, 1763, having obtained the approval of his Meeting, he engaged an Indian guide and prepared to set out, accompanied by a Friend named Benjamin Parvin. The very night before he started he was aroused from his bed by some Friends from Philadelphia, who awoke him to give him the uncomfortable information that Indians had just slain and scalped some people near Pittsburg. But this did not frighten him from his purpose. He returned to bed without telling his wife what he had heard until morning. Of course she was greatly distressed, and her fears for his safety seem to have made him hesitate a little; but in a few hours' time his mind became settled and he believed that it was his duty to proceed on the journey. His wife bore it "with a good degree of resignation." So he started out, crossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania and traveled steadily on toward the Indian settlements at Wyoming and Wehalaosing, which were the places he felt specially drawn to visit. The first night that the

little party spent in the woods they were soaked with rain; their blankets, the tent, the ground and the bushes under which they camped were all wet. On the sides of the large trees near where they pitched their tent they noticed that smooth places had been made by peeling off the bark, and on this surface were painted in red and black pictures of Indian warriors going to and returning from the wars, and scenes in their battles where men were killing one another. As John Woolman walked about under the rain-soaked trees examining these frightful-looking pictures, he scarcely gave a thought to his own miserable condition or to the dangers to which he was exposed. The pictures did not arouse in him fears as to how he would be treated by the savages when he came among them. He thought rather of the suffering and toil which these warriors endured, of their miseries and distresses when lying wounded far from their homes and friends; he thought of the cruelty and hatred that must be in their minds toward each other, and how these bad feelings would be passed on to their children and continued. And with these thoughts came a greater desire than ever to get close to those savage, ignorant, and neglected people, and teach them something of the spirit of love and peace.

They journeyed on, sometimes meeting with Indians who could speak a little English; to them John Woolman told his errand of love, and they appeared to be satisfied that he was coming among them with a friendly purpose.

By the increase of English settlements the natives were being driven back from lands conveniently situated near the sea and rivers, and in many cases they had been cheated out of their property by the settlers, who would first give them rum which took away their senses, and then induce them to sell their lands for a trifling sum.

The selling of rum to the Indians was a wicked thing which did much harm not only to the poor natives themselves but also to the white people; for if the Indians were persuaded when intoxicated to part with their lands, or to sell for a very small sum the skins and furs which they had obtained through much hard traveling and hunting, when they became sober they remembered how they had been cheated. When they found themselves and their children suffering for want of food and warm clothing in the cold winter, they grew angry with those who had taken advantage of their weakness, and looked upon the white men as their enemies. So the people in the settlements often had to pay for this dishonest trading with their lives. Thus John Woolman might well feel that he had undertaken a dangerous journey, and he had cause for thankfulness when he met by the way Indians who were disposed to welcome him in a friendly spirit.

On reaching the Indian settlement at Wyoming the travelers were greeted by the news that the Indians to the westward of that place were declaring war against the English, and had already taken one fort and destroyed the people, and were now endeavoring to take another.

A little incident occurred here which brings before us a view of John Woolman's quiet courage, and the gentle, kindly spirit which made him excuse rather than blame anyone, if it could be done sincerely. They secured a place and were arranging their baggage, when an Indian came toward the house and stood outside, hiding a tomahawk under his coat. John Woolman stepped out, and as he approached, the Indian took the hatchet from its hiding place and held it in his hand. Still John Woolman went forward and by his words and manner gave the man to understand that he wished to be friendly. Finding that he understood a little English, both the Friends had some talk with him, and explained their reasons for coming into those parts. Soon the Indian went into the house with them, and by sitting down and smoking his pipe showed that he was at peace with them.

John Woolman says in his gentle way: "Though taking his hatchet in his hand at the instant I drew near to him had a disagreeable appearance, I believe he had no other intent than to be in readiness in case any violence were offered to him."

After visiting all the Indians they could find in the district they pushed on toward Wehaloosing, through storms so heavy that the rain beat through their tent and trees were blown down in such abundance that they were stopped on their way, and only got through with extreme difficulty. Fresh stories of Indian warriors on the march to make war against the English met them as they approached the village, at which

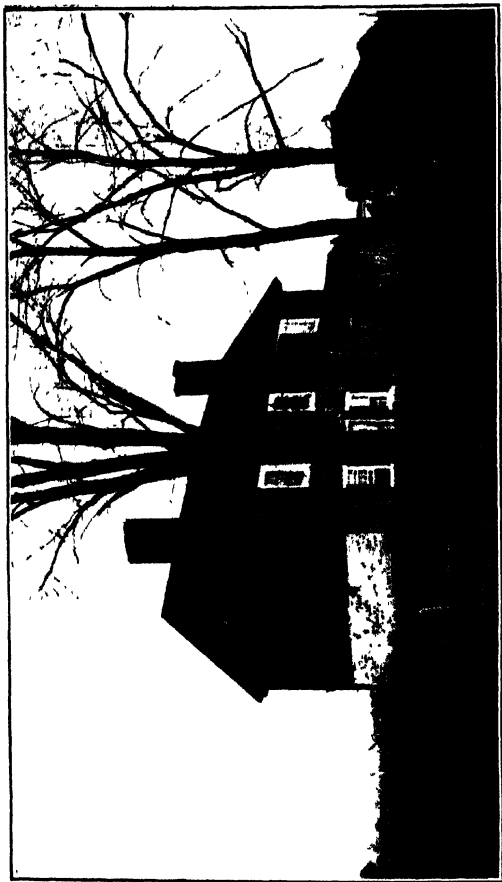


they arrived on the seventeenth of Sixth Month about the middle of the afternoon. That same evening they had a meeting, about sixty Indians attending, and for three days they remained there holding one or two meetings every day. At first John Woolman spoke to the Indians through an interpreter, but as this man was not well acquainted with either the English or Delaware tongues he was not of much assistance; however, they all tried to help, and by laboring together in that way, they were drawn closer and felt love and sympathy flowing strongly between them. Indeed, so strongly did John Woolman feel this spirit of love and unity at work that he at last told the interpreters that he believed the people would understand him even without their help.

Accordingly, he went on preaching to them in his own English, and his earnestness, faith, and love seemed to be a language that reached the hearts of the people, though they may not have understood all his words. When he took leave of them and turned towards home, they parted from him with tokens of true affection. Who can tell how much good was done by this visit! The natives who were privileged to meet this gentle, loving man would doubtless ever after have a kinder feeling towards all English people for his sake.

On the twenty-seventh of Sixth Month John Woolman and his companion got safely back to Mount Holly, having traveled perhaps 200 to 250 miles on horseback and by canoe, most of the way through a dangerous wilderness, through swamps, over moun-





### JOHN WOOLMAN'S HOME, MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.

Before his departure to England in 1772, on the religious visit referred to in the text, John Woolman built a commodious, though plain residence for himself and family, in the village of Mount Holly. Over the doorway a brick with the initials of his own and his wife's name is still shown to the curious visitor. At one end of the house a mark in the wall indicates where an addition once stood. This was the portion of the house devoted by John Woolman to the tailoring business. The house is still standing (1909).

*To face page 29.*

tains and rough, difficult roads, in peril from storms, rattlesnakes and hostile Indians. No wonder dear John Woolman said that he was inwardly joyful that the Lord strengthened him and had manifested a fatherly care over him.

During the following six or seven years John Woolman spent a good deal of time traveling on foot through parts of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. He chose to travel in this humble way so that he might be brought into closer contact with the poor, oppressed slaves, and so understand better their circumstances and sufferings; and also to set an example of lowliness before the eyes of their masters.

In 1772, having been some time under a concern to visit Friends in England, he obtained the necessary certificate from his Meeting and began to make inquiries concerning vessels. While he was in Philadelphia on this business, he heard that a friend of his, Samuel Enlen, Junior, had taken passage for himself on the *Mary and Elizabeth*, bound for London. So he felt inclined to go on the same ship with his friend. On visiting the ship and finding the cabin provided accommodations which might be considered luxurious compared with those of the steerage, John Woolman felt it was right for him to take passage in the less comfortable part of the ship rather than appear to encourage luxury, which he believed led to excessive labor and oppression. In those days the steerage passage was really dreadful; in fact, the most expensive and luxurious form of sailing was so poor and uncomfortable as to be in many respects far

inferior to what is now provided for the poorest emigrants. So John Woolman's friends were concerned for him. For he was weakly, and they knew he would have to suffer much inconvenience and exposure; but of course he persisted in his intentions; his convictions were always supported by his conduct, and the friends did not urge him. He says, in his quiet, matter-of-fact way: "They appeared disposed to leave me to the Lord."

On the first of Fifth Month, 1772, he started, accompanied—though not in the steerage—by Samuel Emlen. He bade farewell to his wife and family, and he saw them no more in this life. While on the voyage he wrote: "I felt a tender sympathy of soul with my poor wife and family left behind;" and later, on his death-bed, he said he had taken leave of his wife and family as never to return, and he added, "though I feel them near to me at this time, yet I have freely given them up." This is all he says about them. He kept his personal affections wonderfully in the background, an evidence of the humble mind that made him, throughout his life, so very forgetful of self.

The voyage was wretched and even dangerous, but John Woolman turned it to good account. Lodging as he did in the steerage, he had opportunity to see how the sailors lived and what very little comfort or convenience they had. When they came below, after spending some hours on deck, soaked with rain on the spray from high waves, there was no place for them to dry their clothes, nor even sufficient room to

hang them up; they would be thrown in heaps on the floor. The discomforts endured by these poor, wet, toiling seamen touched his tender heart. He perceived that their miserable condition led them to turn to strong drink for lack of other comfort, and he very quickly saw that the blame for this lay with the masters and owners of vessels, who for the sake of gain allowed these conditions to exist. He called attention to this in an essay on "*A Sailor's Life*," which was printed in London the year after his death. There were five young lads among the crew of the *Mary and Elizabeth*, three of them having been brought up in the Society of Friends. To these boys John Woolman's affection went out as though they were his own children, and he did what he could to protect them from corrupting influences by talking to the older seamen about the evils of strong drink and profanity. He records that they took kindly what he had to say to them, that they were respectful to him and became more so the longer he was with them. How could they be otherwise to such a kindly, gentle soul?

But no word of complaint about the discomforts which he himself suffered escaped him, and something of what these were may be gathered from his description of the sailors' condition, for he shared their lodgings. There was much rainy weather and high winds, and being shut up in close, unhealthy quarters made him so ill at times that he could not breathe without standing with his face close to the hatchway to get the fresh air that came through a

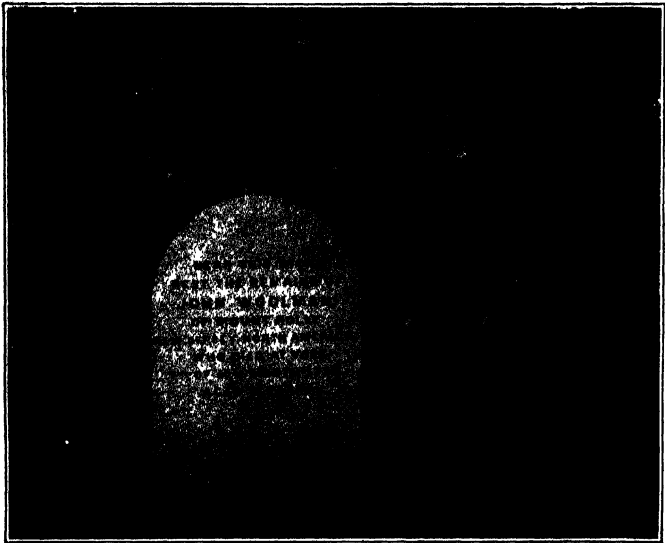
small opening in the hatch-door; but even this was shut down most of the time, partly to keep out rain and sometimes to keep the breaking waves from dashing into the steerage. He suffered also from loss of appetite and general weakness, but his brave and patient soul regarded these trials as lessons that gave him a better knowledge of the hardships and difficulties of his fellow-creatures. His desire to be of use to the sailors carried his mind away from his own pains. When he was able he held meetings in the steerage or the cabin, and had many earnest conversations with both crew and passengers.

On the eighth of Sixth Month, 1772, he landed in London and went straight from the ship to the Yearly Meeting of Ministers and Elders, which was then sitting. He afterwards, during the space of four months, visited the Quarterly and subordinate meetings in seven counties, besides finding time to write essays on "*Loving Our Neighbour*," "*A Sailor's Life*," and "*Silent Worship*."

He traveled in England without a horse. It would have relieved him of much fatigue had he used the stage-coaches by which travelers and the mails were carried in those days, but he heard a great deal said about the suffering from cold and over-work of the horses which drew the coaches and the boys who rode with the letter bags. So he refused to benefit himself at the cost of others, and he would neither ride in the stage nor allow his friends to send him letters by the post-boys, and he adds: "Though on this account I may be likely not to hear so often from my







**JOHN WOOLMAN'S GRAVE, YORK, ENGLAND.**

In a little known but very interesting part of York, there exists an ancient graveyard, still cared for by Friends. Here may be found the graves of John Woolman, Lindley Murray the writer, Hannah Murray and various members of the Tuke family, with others not so well known to American readers.

*To face p 33.*

family left behind, yet for righteousness' sake I am through Divine favor made content." Of course, it is easy to say that it could make no possible difference to the post-boys whether they carried John Woolman's letters or not. He might often be distressed for want of news from home, but they would be riding their stages as usual. Great deprivation to him, no good to them, we might say; but after what we have seen of results growing out of his small acts of faithfulness and self-denial in regard to slave dealing, none of us can venture to say that this was a sacrifice thrown away. Probably his action in this matter has influenced the thoughts and deeds of hundreds of whom we know nothing.

At last he came to York, to the Quarterly Meeting; and attended most of the sittings; but before it was over he was taken ill with small-pox, and after about eight days' illness his departure took place at the house of Thomas Priestman, on the seventh of Tenth Month, 1772.

Friends who attended him during his sickness preserved some notes of his expressions, and these show that, to the end, his thoughts were for others rather than for himself. Gentleness, unselfishness, and a tender love for all mankind shone forth throughout his whole life, but glow with increased brightness towards the close.

There is a story told in connection with his first appearance at London Yearly Meeting which is believed to be well founded and which brings before us, more forcibly perhaps than any other incident in his

life, the sweetness and gentleness of his disposition. It has particular reference to his outward appearance. There is no portrait of John Woolman, so we have no means of knowing how he looked, but we know that his health was usually poor and that his habits were most abstemious, therefore his face probably had a delicate appearance and his character must have contributed a refined expression. That he was neat and particularly clean in his dress and person we may be quite sure, judging from his general character and from the fact that one of his objections to dyed clothing was that it served to conceal uncleanness. But on the morning he landed in London he went directly to the meeting without having had any better opportunity of making his toilet than was afforded in the crowded and busy steerage. This, and the peculiar style of his dress, probably made his outward appearance on that particular morning not very attractive, and when he presented his certificate from Friends in America there were some in the meeting who were not satisfied to have him travel in the ministry through England.

When John Woolman perceived their state of mind he was deeply distressed and could not hide his tears, but with much wisdom as well as meekness he simply told the Friends that it was in love he had come, and he could not go back without performing the service he felt called to, neither could he feel easy to continue in it without the unity of Friends, nor be of any cost to them. But he was acquainted with a trade, and he hoped that Friends would be willing to em-

ploy him in such business as he was capable of, that he might not be chargeable to any during the time that he was waiting for the hindrance to be removed. Many of the assembled Friends were touched by these words, and there was a deep silence which lasted some time. During this waiting time John Woolman felt that words were given him to speak as a minister of Christ, and so profoundly did his preaching affect his hearers that, when he closed, there was a general expression of sympathy and unity, and John Woolman was fully owned and welcomed among them.

The writings of John Woolman were for many years after his death scarcely known outside the circle of his religious Society, and even now they do not receive the attention to which they are entitled. People of wide and varied culture, such as Henry Crabb Robinson, Charles Lamb, William Ellery Channing, John Greenleaf Whittier and Charles W. Eliot have expressed themselves as charmed with their exquisite purity and grace. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about them is the way in which the spirit of the writer lives in them and, even to this day, communicates itself to the reader, awakening desires to do some brave and self-denying work in the same gentle yet powerful way that it was given to John Woolman to do. This feeling is beautifully expressed by Whittier in these words: "I have been awed and solemnized by the presence of a serene and beautiful spirit, redeemed of the Lord from all selfishness, and I have been made thankful for the ability to recognize and the disposition to love him."



**THOMAS CHALKLEY**

**(1675–1741)**

*“From Chalkley’s Journal, old and quaint,  
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint !”*

—Whittier.

*“Let the young men and maidens diligently read the Holy Scriptures ; and whenever they come to a passage that affects them, let them not only turn down that leaf, but let them be sure that it hath place in their hearts ; and when they read of a good man or woman, let them earnestly pray and fervently cry to the Lord, the great God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and God of the righteous in all ages, that he would please to make them like those.”*

From a message of Thomas Chalkley.

## THOMAS CHALKLEY.

“Why are you crying, Tommy?”

“Oh! I don’t know; unless it is because I am so naughty.” He was only ten years old. The boys in the street had been throwing stones and mud at him, calling him bad names and telling him that his life was of no more value than that of a dog.

No doubt these things troubled Tommy, but the abuse, hard as it was to bear, was not the cause of his tears just now.

He had been treated roughly not because he had wronged the boys in any way; older people who knew him very well said he was the best boy in the street. But he wore a coat which was somewhat different from those of his playfellows, and he talked in a way which they thought very peculiar, and like other boys, both then and since, they did not resist the temptation of saying things which probably hurt more than the stones which they threw. And now he was in great trouble. Was he a coward and afraid to go out in the street and meet the enemy? Or maybe he was ashamed of his clothes? Boys of ten are often quite sensitive on this point.

His tears were not flowing on account of these things. He was no coward, because he soon had to



face dangers far greater than any a rough set of school-boys could inflict, and he faced them with great courage. And as to his clothes, he continued to wear the same kind for fifty years or more.

There must have been something else the matter with Tommy, because boys of ten do not usually cry unless there is some real trouble; his own explanation was that he was "so naughty." This was the truth as he saw it, but the answer had a deeper meaning than the boy of ten realized.

He was crying because—but no, I cannot tell you yet, for the boy's trouble, if it was a trouble, never entirely left him, and to understand what it really was and to appreciate what influence it had upon his whole after-life, it will be necessary for you to become better acquainted with the boy himself. As he was an English lad, you will have to know something about the troublesome times in England when he was young. You will have to follow him in his travels with rough sea captains and sailors. You will have to imagine yourself at his side when pirates were trying to capture his sailing vessel. You will have to think of him in shipwrecks. You will have to pity him when some sailors were actually going to eat him because they were starving. You will have to sympathize with him in the many accidents and sorrows which came to him both at home and in foreign lands. It may be that after you have read of some of these things and seen how he behaved when in great danger, you can guess for yourselves why Thomas Chalkley at ten years of age said he was crying because he was

“so naughty.” If you guess aright you have found the key which will help you solve some pretty hard questions when you have become grown-up boys and girls.

Nearly all that we know of Thomas Chalkley was written by himself in a book which he called his Journal, and as he appears to have been very modest, there is no doubt that he left many things out of his book which would have been of great interest to us to-day.

He was born in England in the year 1675, a hundred years before the American Revolution, and about twenty-five years after a certain revolution in religious thought in England which resulted in the establishment of the Society of Friends. His parents were staunch upholders of this new doctrine, and guided their boy along paths of sober thought. They taught him to study the Scriptures, and tried to shield him from many temptations of the times which they knew were very attractive to him, but which they felt sure would harm him much in after years. Thomas was as full of life and frolic as a boy should be, and no doubt he chafed just as boys do now under the parental curb. He first gave proof of the good stuff that was in him by telling the boys about him that he did not like to hear them swear. This, no doubt, was a hard thing for him to do, but it had a good effect among his friends, and marked Thomas as being a different kind of boy from them.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to tell you much about the troubles which Friends had in Eng-

land during the years of Thomas Chalkley's boyhood. Their new religious belief, their manner of dress and speech, their refusal to go to war, their unwillingness to comply with certain English laws, their behavior when they were compelled to attend trials in the courts, heaped upon the infant Society such indignities and hardships that it would certainly have been crushed out of existence had not its people, perhaps some of your ancestors, held out against great odds in doing what they thought was right and left all else to the guiding hand of Providence. When Thomas Chalkley was about fifteen years old, it occurred to him that to use the plain language to his parents and to talk to other people in a different way was not very consistent, and that he was acting the part of a hypocrite in so doing. He therefore resolved to say "thou" and "thee" to everybody, not only because it was good grammar, but also because it was "Christ's language to all." By using the plain language to a noted acquaintance he was met with the sharp retort—"Thee! what dost thou thee me for?" A meek reply and some explanation soon smoothed out the ruffled temper and a mutual respect for each other was the result. Of course, Thomas Chalkley with the other early Friends was opposed to war. But he lived at a time when fighting was fashionable, and any one who refused to fight was thought to be a traitor to the King. What must have been his feelings then, when at about twenty years of age he was taken from the street and carried on board of a man-of-war? He was placed in the dark hold of

the vessel and spent the night there with some casks for a bed and wicked men for his companions.

In the morning he was brought on deck and asked if he was willing to serve the King. Thomas answered that he was willing to serve the King, but not willing to fight. The officer then asked: "Gentlemen, what shall we do with this fellow? He swears he will not fight." The Commander answered: "No, no, he will neither swear nor fight." Lacking both these qualities Thomas would have been conspicuous and useless on a man-of-war, and he was set free.

It was a matter of conscience with him, and had he swerved from its guidance at this critical moment the whole course of his very useful life might have been changed. A boy's conscience is like a plant, it must be cultivated to get the best results. Thomas Chalkley started to cultivate his conscience very early—when we found him watering it with his tears—and it grew so well that it became his habit to lean upon it in times of doubt and danger.

It was no sudden change in religious feeling, no hasty conclusion on his part, which led him to engage in public ministry, but rather a quiet waiting and a reverent attitude toward spiritual guidance. When about twenty-one years old, with many misgivings as to his ability and after many prayers that he might be properly guided, he felt it his duty to visit Friends' meetings in various parts of England. His own words are that the "concern that was upon me on this account is hard to be expressed in words." At one place he found that the meeting-houses had been

locked by the authorities, who had taken this way to break up Friends' meetings. Such large numbers, however, met in the open streets that it was thought the "Quakers would do more harm out of doors than within," so the keys were returned to their rightful owners.

During the latter part of the year 1697, when he was about twenty-two years of age, Thomas Chalkley felt it a duty to extend his religious work beyond the seas, and planned a visit to America. With none of the modern conveniences for travel, and at an age when many young people are absorbed with the gaieties of life, he left home and friends to face the dangers of an ocean voyage and to endure the hardships which must follow his work in a strange land. Some persons can carry a burden on a smooth road who would utterly fail when the road becomes rough. Thomas Chalkley's way through life was a continual upward climb, over very rough roads, yet he bore up manfully.

His first experience at sea must have been a distressing one. A great storm was upon them for many days. Several persons were washed overboard and drowned. Many were sick, and to these Thomas gave such assistance as he could. After about twelve weeks of storms, sickness, and distress, the *Josiah* was safely anchored at the mouth of a river in Maryland. Our traveler immediately set out to visit Friends in the surrounding country and to hold religious meetings wherever possible. He also visited an Indian village and was kindly received by the

redmen of the wilderness. He traveled on to Philadelphia, and speaks of the many "sober young people" he met there; crossing to New Jersey he held a large meeting under the trees at Burlington. He passed on to New England and apparently held religious meetings nearly every day. At Boston he was not very kindly received. Some one told him that it was a pity that all Friends were not hanged with the four others who had been put to death there about forty years before. To all such abuse he returned a soft answer, which was his chief weapon of defense.

Early in the year 1699 he returned to England. On this voyage the doctor on the ship had a dream. He was an intemperate man, and the dream seemed so real to him that he told it to Thomas Chalkley and asked him for an interpretation. He was told that the dream meant that he would lose his life before long, and this actually took place about three days later by drowning. Shortly after his return to England Thomas was "inclined to make choice of Martha Betterton" for a wife. She, like himself, was a minister among Friends, and the marriage appears to have been entirely suitable. Speaking of this important event he says: "The heartiness of both our fathers in this matter was more to me than a portion of silver and gold (of which we had but very little), but our love to each other was very great, and being well and honourably grounded it was not easily shaken. Our wedding day was a day of days to my soul, wherein I was made sensible of the love and good-

ness of God in a particular manner, which to me was an earnest of our future well-doing. I entirely loved my wife for that piety, virtue, and modesty which I beheld in her."

Their marriage was quickly followed by Thomas's placing his wife in charge of a small business which he had established, and then setting out for a religious visit to Friends in Ireland. The year following their marriage, the young couple, in obedience to a call to further labors in the ministry, decided to emigrate to America. The good ship *Josiah*, which had weathered such a severe storm on a previous voyage, was again selected. But this time a rougher experience was in store for her passengers. Scarcely was the vessel under way when a storm came up and they drifted towards the fateful Goodwin Sands. Anchors failed to hold the ship and the people were in great fear, expecting that they should all be lost. In this extremity the frightened crew appealed to Thomas Chalkley. The response in his own words was as follows: "I sent for the passengers into the cabin, and told them that I thought it would be well for us to sit together, and look unto and wait upon God, to see what He would please to do for us, that, if death came, we might meet Him in as good a frame of mind as we could, and that we might not be surprised beyond measure. As we were thus composed in our minds, a concern came upon my dear wife, and she prayed to God, the Father, in the living power and sense of his Son, and He heard from his holy habitation and answered the prayer; for immediately after,







(CHALKLEY HALL, AS WHITTLER KNEW IT (1838).

" Here, rich with autumn gifts of countless years  
The virgin soil  
Turned from the share he guided, and in rain  
And summer sun-shine, threw the fruits and grain  
Which blessed his honest toil "

From "Chalkley Hall "

To face p. 47.

the wind abated, and our anchors held us. This was a great deliverance which is not to be forgotten." A stormy voyage of eight weeks brought the travelers to the shores of Maryland. From here they journeyed to Philadelphia, where they purchased a tract of land near the Delaware River.

It would be natural to suppose that the charms of a quiet country life and the companionship of his young wife would induce Thomas to stay at home. But not so; a trip to Barbados and Bermuda was soon undertaken, which resulted in much satisfaction to himself and those among whom he labored. Then followed almost a year of quiet home life, with a diligent attendance of meetings in and around Philadelphia. Again he bade farewell to his family and friends and traveled southward on a missionary journey to Virginia and North Carolina, where, according to his statement, "no traveling public Friends had visited." He comments on incidents of this journey in these words: "One day, going out of our canoe through a marsh, I trod on a rattlesnake, which is accounted one of the most poisonous snakes, but it only hissed at me, and did no harm. We lay two nights in the woods, and I think I never slept better. It was the eighth hour when I laid down on the ground one night, my saddle being my pillow, at the root of a tree, and it was four o'clock in the morning when they called me. When I awoke I thought of Jacob's lodging on his way to Padan-aram, when he saw the holy vision of angels, with the ladder whose top reached to Heaven. Very sweet was the love of God to my

soul that morning, and the dew of the everlasting hills refreshed me."

A journey of a thousand miles on horseback at a time when the personal comforts of the traveler depended almost entirely upon the chance hospitality of thinly-settled provinces, was no easy undertaking. Yet we read of no complaints from this good man on account of hardships which he must have suffered.

His next visit was to New England in the year 1704. Friends had become quite numerous in this section, and meetings were large. Some of the clergymen in the New England churches had become very bitter against the Quakers; one of them saying that the Quakers were worse than the Indians, because "while the Indians destroy our bodies the Quakers destroy our souls." It is said that the man who made this absurd statement was soon after killed by the Indians. Thomas Chalkley held several meetings with the Indians, and they treated him and other Friends with much respect.

In the year 1707 it was very dangerous to cross the ocean, because England and France were at war at that time, and there were many French pirates on the seas. Notwithstanding the risk of capture, Thomas Chalkley set out on another voyage to the West Indies, intending also to cross to England. The vessel in which he sailed was owned by Friends, and consequently carried no guns. On nearing Barbados they were chased by a French vessel. The sailors, having no weapons, expected to be captured. Thomas told them that if the ship and her cargo belonged to

him he would rather lose it all than that one man should lose his life. Coming within gunshot of a fort on Barbados, the enemy gave up the chase, and no damage had been sustained by the unarmed crew. Undaunted by this experience Thomas continued his journey among the many islands in this part of the world. On nearing Jamaica another pirate vessel gave chase. The wind dying out, the enemy used oars and prepared the vessel for a fight. The crew asked Thomas what he would do now. He replied that he would pray that they might be made better and that they might be made fit to die. Leaving the men in their excitement he prayed that they might be delivered without shedding blood, and that a fresh gale of wind might spring up. While he was thus engaged his prayer was answered, the sails filled out and they were soon beyond reach of the enemy. After leaving Jamaica they encountered another pirate vessel carrying twenty-eight guns. It was in the midst of a storm, and the French vessel, being over anxious for the prize, hoisted too much sail, and three of the masts were broken. This prevented further pursuit, and our worthy Friend again escaped.

This was a memorable voyage, and thrilling adventures were still in store for the peace-loving Quakers. When in sight of the Irish coast two French privateers came in sight and immediately gave chase. The incident is best told in his own words: "What to do now we could not tell, until they began to fire at us; but in this emergency, our master resolved he would rather run the vessel on shore than they should

have her, she being richly laden with indigo, silver and gold, reckoned to the value of fifty thousand pounds. In this strait we must either fall into the hands of the French, who were our enemies, or run among the rocks; and we thought it better to fall into the hands of the Almighty, and trust in His providence; so towards the rocks we went, which had a terrible aspect. The native Irish seeing us, they came down in great numbers, and ran on the rocks and called to us saying, that if we came any nearer we should be dashed to pieces. Then our master ordered that the anchor be let go, which brought her up before she struck, and, with much ado, he put his boat out to sea, and put in all the passengers, in order to set them on shore, the waves running very high, so that it looked as if every wave would have swallowed us up; and it was a great favor of Providence that we got to land in safety. The privateers not daring to come so near the shore as we did, after firing at us, went away, and our master carried the ship into the harbor of Kinsale in Ireland. Thus through many perils and dangers we were preserved, and got safe on the Irish shore, for which and all other mercies and favors of the Most High my soul and spirit did give glory and praise."

After visiting many Friends' meetings in Ireland he went to Scotland, where he found fewer Friends and a less hearty reception. At a meeting in Glasgow, the people threw dirt and stones and were very rude in their talk. Thomas told them that though he had preached the Gospel to Jews, Indians, and Negroes,

and among heathens, he had never met with such harsh treatment before. He now returned to England and met his father, whom he had not seen for nine years. A busy winter was spent in the attendance of meetings in and around London. Then followed a visit to Holland, where several mishaps occurred which did not in the least dampen the ardor of this Gospel messenger. It seemed to make little difference to him to be thrown out of his wagon when traveling on bad roads, or that he should go three days without food while crossing the Zuyder Zee, for he continually returned thanks that matters were not worse.

During this year he traveled about 2,500 miles and held nearly 300 public meetings. ~~It is not surprising, then, that we should find him, after nearly three years' absence, yearning for his home and friends in America.~~

He reached Philadelphia in the Seventh Month, 1710, and was worried by the statement made by some of his acquaintances that he had brought home a great deal of money, which he had received for preaching. His own account of the matter is that he had to borrow money to pay his passage, and that he had not five pounds with him when he returned to America.

A great sorrow now overtook him in the sickness and death of his wife in the year 1712. During their married life they had been called on to part with five children, all of whom died in infancy. It is no wonder he exclaims: "I was very solitary and

sometimes sorrowful, and broken into many tears, in the sense of my loss and lonesomeness."

For another two years we may follow him in his travels up and down the Atlantic coast, visiting meetings already established and starting new ones in places where Friends' principles were little known. In the year 1714 he married a second time, and writes in his Journal of his new wife as a "sober, religious young woman, of a quiet natural temper and disposition, which is an excellent ornament to the fair sex."

A seafaring life, though not to his liking, seems to have been engaged in as a matter of necessity. He became a trader in merchandise between Philadelphia and the West Indies, and also made several voyages to England. He held religious meetings regularly while at sea, and at the different ports where he landed he always gathered Friends and others together and preached to them concerning the things of the Kingdom of Heaven. He utilized many of his spare moments at sea in writing tracts and letters dealing mostly with Friends' views on Scriptural subjects. The following passage is found in his Journal: "As for my natural life, I always gave it up whenever I went to sea, and I thought that was the least part of the hardship, never putting much value thereon." His conduct during times of great peril on his many voyages was entirely in accord with this statement.

At one time, returning to Philadelphia with a crew of twelve men, the vessel was delayed by contrary winds, and the supply of food being exhausted, the

crew began to tell dismal stories about people eating each other in like circumstances. As Thomas Chalkley was master of the ship their complaints were aimed at him in particular. It had been the custom in such cases to draw lots to determine who should die first. He tells his men that there is no need for them to do this, for he is willing to offer up his life to do them good. One said, "God bless you; I will not eat any of you." Another said "he would die before he would eat any of me." Soon after a large dolphin was seen near the vessel. It was quickly caught, and thus food was furnished to the famished crew. Whittier's quaint account of this incident in "*Snowbound*" should not be forgotten:—

"Then, haply, with a look more grave,  
And soberer tone, some tale she gave.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
From Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint,  
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!  
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,  
And water-butt and bread cask failed,  
And cruel hungry eye pursued  
His portly presence mad for food,  
With dark hints muttered under breath  
Of casting lots for life or death,  
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,  
To be himself the sacrifice.  
Then suddenly as if to save  
The good man from his living grave,  
A ripple on the water grew,  
A school of porpoise flashed in view,  
'Take, eat,' he said, 'and be content;  
These fishes in my stead are sent  
By Him who gave the tangled ram,  
To spare the child of Abraham.'"



After so many hardships it is little wonder that his health became somewhat impaired, and, feeling the need of rest and retirement, in the year 1723 he removed to a small farm near Frankford, about six miles northeast of Philadelphia. This tract of land, although now within the city limits, still retains some of its original features. The growth of the city has crowded it somewhat, and railroads now bound it on two sides, while the once beautiful stream on the north has become much polluted by the drainage of a populous district. There is some doubt whether any of the buildings now standing on the tract are those which Thomas Chalkley occupied, although the wing on the north end of the present mansion bears marks of great age. When I last walked among the old trees and stood for a moment on some time-worn stones at the kitchen door and listened to an echo in an old hallway, I could but think of him who was once master of the place. Whittier visited the spot in 1838, and has left a beautiful tribute in his poem "*Chalkley Hall*."

It was here that Thomas Chalkley experienced some of the saddest phases of his life. In the year 1724 he writes: "I met with various trials, afflictions, and tribulations; and had not the secret hand of the Lord, which I felt underneath, borne up my spirit from sinking, I think I could never have waded through them." Some of his neighbors circulated false reports about him. Three vessels in which he was interested were either lost or partially wrecked. A new barn was destroyed by fire. He suffered from

a severe sickness which lasted about seven days. A little daughter was also at death's door. He compares his condition at this time to the trials of Job, and states that the truth of certain Scriptural passages supported his hopes that "all would work together for good." In addition to these trials it must be remembered that he had but recently lost his tenth child, having before buried nine children.

In the year 1725 he met with a painful accident, being run over by a horse and cart, by which his shoulder was dislocated and he was otherwise seriously injured. "I was obliged to keep at home some time, and thought it long, because I could not go to meeting as usual, but many friends came to see me, which was a comfort to me." On another occasion, while traveling in Chester County, he relates: "My horse gave a sudden and violent start out of the path, and threw me down, and, before I could get up again, he struck my face, and trod on my right eye with his foot, being newly shod, which stunned me for the present. He stood still, and I got on my hands and knees, the blood streaming out of my nose and right eye, and while I was bleeding, a man and woman came by and stayed till I was done bleeding, and saw me mounted on my horse again." At another time while cutting down some trees one of them fell on him, injuring him so badly that he was confined to his bed for three weeks. Speaking of the visits of those who came to see him in his troubles, he says: "Many of my neighbors came to see me, but among them I had one of Job's comforters, who wickedly

abused me in this low state. I can scarcely forbear mentioning his name, having example for it in Holy Writ, but through the Lord's help I will put on charity."

Bearing in mind the many afflictions which have been briefly noted, we are not surprised at the query: "Lord, why am I thus afflicted, now in my declining years, since thou knowest I love thee above all things, and that I would not willingly or knowingly offend thee, my great and dear Lord? It was answered as though vocally spoken: 'My only begotten and beloved Son, who never offended me, suffered much more.' This word being such an evident truth, I begged patience to go through all my sufferings and afflictions so that at last I might live with Christ in the glorious Kingdom of God forever, where I might always bless and praise His holy name."

During the next ten years Thomas Chalkley was busily engaged in religious services and mercantile pursuits. Owing to the many losses with which he had met he was in debt, and the matter troubled him until finally all of his creditors had been paid.

He was probably far in advance of many of his associates in literary attainments. He wrote a number of essays and appeals. His will, which is still in a good state of preservation, directs that Philadelphia Monthly Meeting should have these papers published, if not too expensive, but if the burden is too great for the Meeting, he directs that sufficient wood be cut from his plantation and sold to defray the cost of publication. His collection of 111 books was be-





# ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND OF FRIENDS, TORTOLA.

(Drawn on the spot by George Tiuman )

- 1 Graves of Thomas Chalkley John Estaugh, John Cadwallader and Mary Hunt, 2 Foundation of Meeting House 3 Farm of Long Look

To face p 57.

queathed to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. By this bequest he became the founder of the excellent library which is still maintained by the three Monthly Meetings of Philadelphia, and which has found a comfortable and spacious home at 142 North Sixteenth Street.

In the year 1741 Thomas Chalkley felt it to be his duty to pay a religious visit to the Virgin Islands. He seems to have had some thought that he would not return, as he settled his affairs and took an affectionate leave of his wife and only remaining daughter, Rebecca.

After a stay of about two weeks on the Island of Tortola, he was stricken with a fever. Though still very sick he attended meeting and closed his sermon with the memorable words: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." He died the fourth of Ninth Month, 1741, being about sixty-six years of age. He was buried on the island, in ground given to Friends for burial purposes, and a meeting-house was erected at the place by the governor, John Pickering.

I have passed very hurriedly over the story of an eventful career. The full force of the undercurrents of such a life can only be realized after a careful reading of the good man's Journal. It is replete with inspiring and elevating thought. Whit-tier found it so entrancing that he read it over and over as he followed his plough along the banks of the Merrimac.

Thomas Chalkley had been endowed with good natural talents, which he employed with unusual force and diligence in his chosen work, that of teaching the doctrines and principles of the Society of Friends. He was but one among thousands who suffered that these principles might live.

Boys and girls of the twentieth century! You may know little of the great struggle through which your Religious Society passed in the seventeenth century. In some way it survived the prison and the scaffold, and now, purified by these ordeals and strengthened by over two centuries of further testing, it will ere long be entrusted to your guardianship. What will you do with this trust?

**THOMAS STORY**

**(1666–1742)**



*“The Lord called for my life, and I offered it at His footstool; but He gave it to me as a prey with unspeakable additions. He called for my will, and I resigned it at His call, but He returned me His own in token of His love. He called for the world, and I laid it at His feet, with the crowns thereof; I withheld them not at the beckoning of His hand. But mark the benefit of exchange! For He gave me, instead of earth, a kingdom of eternal peace; and in lieu of crowns of vanity, a crown of glory.”*

Thomas Story.

## THOMAS STORY.

The subject of this sketch was a native of England, born in the shire of Cumberland. During his life Charles II., James II., and William, Prince of Orange, were reigning monarchs of England, and Roman Catholic and Protestant forms of religion were alternately in power. The people of England, therefore, were very deeply interested in watching the course of events and endeavoring to modify the laws in order to gain as much civil and religious liberty as possible. During this period of unrest the Society of Friends arose, and came slowly before the eye of a critical and strong-minded nation. English people have always been vigorous in body and mind, and in the early days of Friends much liberty was taken in attacking and discussing the religion of different societies. Friends, being deeply convinced of some Bible truths which others had overlooked or made light of, were often obliged to defend their views. They did this by appointing open debates with those who desired it, either of the Roman Catholic faith or one of the Protestant bodies. It should be remembered that the Baptists and Presbyterians had now come into existence, leaving the Episcopal or Established Church, and forming new organizations, to spread their own views of Bible doctrine.

Thomas Story was noted for his familiarity with Greek and Latin, and also for his knowledge of the Bible, therefore he was often asked to discuss doctrinal questions in public.

As a lad he says he had no aversion to any sect, but often went to the services of different churches, though his parents were members of the Episcopal or Established Church. He examined the beliefs of various religious bodies of his day, but was not entirely satisfied with any of them. He appears to have desired something deeper, and more in accord with Bible doctrine as he understood it.

Thomas Story's father desired him to study law, and sent him to a well-known counsellor to receive instruction. He was also sent to a fencing-school to become expert in the use of the sword. For some years he wore a sword, and had occasion to use it two or three times. In riding through the lonely lanes and roads of England highway robbers were often met in those days. He says he defended himself from them, but was thankful in later life to remember that he had never killed any one. He became willing to give up his sword entirely while studying the New Testament, as he was convinced that our Saviour, by word and example, taught His disciples not to injure others.

About this time, Thomas Story heard of the Quakers or Friends. He attended one of their meetings, and thought the persons there were "an innocent, honest, well-meaning people." He took up his residence in Carlisle to practice law in 1687, King James

## THOMAS STORY

II. being then on the throne. The King was a Catholic, but during most of his reign was kind and tolerant to all sects. Thomas Story now became a regular attendant of Friends' meetings, for he felt a secret influence drawing him more and more to unite with them. He became convinced that the usual rites of baptism and communion could not cleanse the soul from sin or preserve it from evil in the midst of temptation.

There was a "Reprover working in my heart," he says, "that so changed me as to reform me from some dangerous habits, which if left to grow, might have led me into greater evils."

This was the Divine Spirit sent by our Saviour, which finally led Thomas Story to a complete repentance for past errors and a desire for a new life. Referring to his conviction, he tells us in one of the most beautiful passages he ever wrote: "The Lord called for my life, and I offered it at His footstool; but He gave it to me as a prey with unspeakable additions. He called for my will, and I resigned it at His call, but He returned me His own in token of His love. He called for the world, and I laid it at His feet, with the crowns thereof; I withheld them not at the beckoning of His hand. But mark the benefit of exchange! For He gave me, instead of earth, a kingdom of eternal peace; and in lieu of crowns of vanity, a crown of glory."

About this time Friends asked him to attend "business meetings" and help them, which he gladly did.

Here he met and enjoyed the company of such men as George Fox and William Penn, and their advice and ministry helped him in many ways. Before long he felt called to preach among Friends and others, and was encouraged to do so. He gave up such parts of his legal work as he thought would interfere with his religious duties, or which did not appear to agree with Christian principles, as he understood them after his conversion to the truth. He, however, drew wills and other papers for people, in the transfer and sale of property, and earned enough to prevent his father from being burdened by supporting him. He traveled a great deal in England and Ireland, preaching to Friends and others. Once, while in London, he and a Friend named Gilbert Molleson called at the building where the Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, was at the time staying, in order to leave some Friends' books for him to read. They were asked to come up to his sitting-room, and on the way met two strangers in the hall. Without an introduction, some conversation passed between them through an interpreter. The strangers afterward proved to be the Czar and Prince Menzikoff. They asked the Friends: "Why do you not pay respect to great persons when in their presence?" Thomas Story answered: "We do, if we are aware of it. We do not flatter them in a worldly way, but we yield them sincere respect by giving ready obedience to their lawful commands. But if through tyranny anything is commanded contrary to our duty to the Almighty and His Son, Christ the Lord, we

offer our humble addresses to our rulers, and pray to God that their minds may be changed."

For some months after this interview, while still in London, the Czar and Prince went to Friends' meeting. They acted like other attenders and were dressed simply. If the seats were all filled they stood with others who were in the room. This seems to have been an early custom, making the meeting less formal than it is now.

In 1698 Thomas Story asked his meeting in England for a certificate to enable him to attend the meetings of Friends in America, and appoint meetings with those not members of the Society. This was granted, and he spent two years (1698-1700) in the work. He visited the Island of Nantucket while traveling; and believing there should be a meeting of Friends set up there among some who wished it, he consulted Mary Starbuck, a sensible Christian woman, well known and beloved by the people there; she agreed with him as to calling the Friends together for that purpose. With his help, accordingly, the first regular Friends' meeting on the island was established. This meeting was held for two hundred years, but now there are no Friends who live on Nantucket throughout the year, so it has been discontinued. When Thomas Story was through with the visit to America, and about to go home, he met William Penn, who was then settling the laws and the titles to land in his new colony of Pennsylvania. There was much trouble about the titles to the land, as many of the colonists were uneducated men. Thomas Story,

being skilful in the English law and the forms needed to prove titles to property, was one whom William Penn could trust. His Christian belief would also incline people to trust him, as his life was consistent with his ministry. William Penn, therefore, asked Thomas Story if he would accept the offices of Member of the Council of State, Keeper of the Great Seal, Master of Rolls, and Land Commissioner. He replied that he was willing to do so, if at times he should be at liberty to travel among the meetings of Friends and others as a minister.

William Penn was very glad to have his help in a legal way, and also to grant his request about his religious service in the new colony, where good men and wise ones were much needed. As Thomas Story had so prominent a place among the leading men in the colony, Benjamin West has associated him with William Penn and James Logan in his famous picture, "Penn's Treaty with the Indians." He is painted there as standing a little back of William Penn, and between him and James Logan.\*

There is but one paragraph in Thomas Story's Journal which speaks of his wife. He was married, however, to a well-known young woman, Ann Shippen, of Philadelphia, in 1700, but she lived only four years, leaving him again alone as to home ties.

Ann Shippen's father was Edward Shippen, a distinguished merchant in Philadelphia, and mayor of the city.

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\* See reproduction of this painting in Vol. I. of "*Quaker Biographies*," p. 141.

After fourteen years of useful service in Pennsylvania, Thomas Story returned to England about the year 1714, and soon began to feel the disabling hand of old age. At a later period we hear of him in Cumberland, generously caring for the family of his "kind and good landlord, Joseph Green," who had died, leaving a widow and three children, and also a large business which needed skilful management. He is heard also in Friends' meetings, urging his fellow-members to be kind and moderate in applying the discipline of the Society; and to endeavor to restore the erring in a Christian spirit to a better mind and life.

Several attacks of paralysis gradually deprived him of the power of speech, and made it impossible for him to leave home; and finally in sweet unity with Friends, and perfect peace with God and man, as his biographer assures us, Thomas Story departed this life in Carlisle, England, in the year 1742.

Many of his own Society and loving neighbors paid the last tribute to the memory of one who had been valuable and useful to his country in various stations of life.

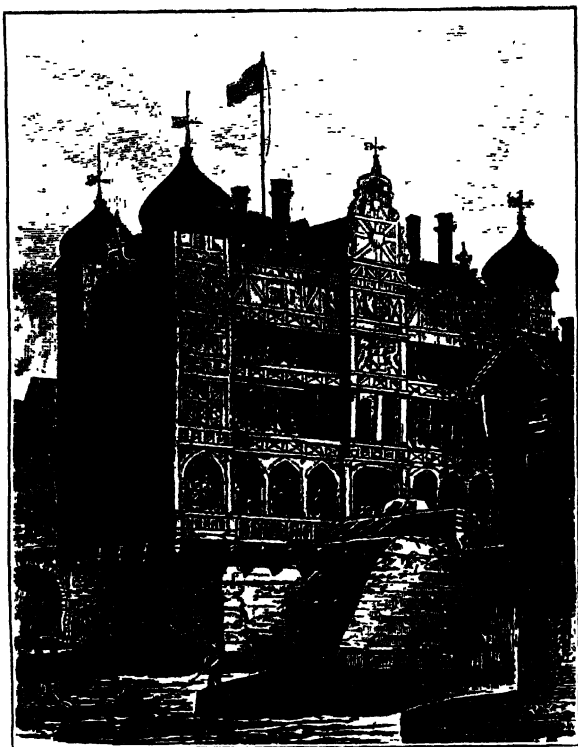




**MARY PRYOR**  
**(1737-1815)**

*"My God has preserved me through a long life without fear."*





### THE NONESUCH HOUSE.

The Nonesuch House stood at the Southwark end of the old London bridge. The archway in the middle, twenty feet wide, spanned the roadway. It must have been a famous building in its prime, for it is said to have been taken as a model for the Mayor's palace. It was injured, but not destroyed, in the great fire of 1666, and never regained its former splendor.

*To face p. 71.*

## MARY PRYOR.

There have been women in the Society of Friends who have lived what may be called private lives. Their services have been largely in the home and family. But there have been others who, as ministers, have had to leave the home interests, and at the sacrifice of much outward comfort, have traveled far at the call of duty to proclaim the message of the Father's love.

Such an one was Mary Pryor, of whose life, beautiful in its simplicity, we are now to have a glimpse. She was born in London in the year 1737, the daughter of a rag merchant, Andrew Bray. Her first home was the Nonesuch House, a large and curious structure near the south end of London Bridge. It was erected in the reign of Elizabeth, and was made entirely of wood, brought over from Holland in pieces ready to be fitted together. Even the fastenings were wooden pegs, not a nail being used in the whole house.

Mary's father and mother, who were both Friends, died when she was a little girl, but she was wisely cared for. There was a time when she was much tempted to engage in amusements which Friends did not think right. Once when she was about to go into unsuitable company she said to her companions,

as they were walking along, "I can go no further." Long afterwards she remembered the peace that came into her heart as the result of this decisive action. Somewhat later she was asked by a rich merchant to be his wife, but she refused. Her old nurse was displeased, and told her that she might have eaten gold. "Yes," said she, "but I could not have digested it."

In 1760 she was married to John Pryor, a wool-stapler of Hertford, who was also a Friend. Here in this town they lived at a place which they named Waterside, because the garden sloped down to the river. Mary Pryor soon became a useful member in the meeting at this place.

She was much respected and beloved, being, as we have seen, of much decision of character, and at the same time genial. She was very fond of reading and lively in conversation. She was kind to every one, and so generous that sometimes her husband thought she gave away too freely. Whenever she had any delicacies on the table she always liked to send some to her sick neighbors, in whom she had an especial interest.

Her first child, Mary, was born in the year 1761, and was the oldest of eight children, seven of whom lived to maturity. As a mother she was always watchful of her flock, and careful that the spiritual part in them should not be neglected. She frequently gathered them into her room for a time of prayer.

About 1762, soon after the birth of her first child, Mary Pryor first appeared as a minister in a Friends' meeting. For some time previously she had felt the

call to this service, and often retired into the quiet to be alone with the Lord that He might show her clearly what He would have her do. "Her ministry was acceptable to her friends, and her genuine love and simplicity gained her the esteem of those with whom she labored." The secret of her power and influence was in seeking to live near her Lord and in looking for His direction, not only in her religious service, but also in the affairs of daily life.

Her oldest daughter, Mary, seems to have been a great comfort to her. She was a bright, lively girl, but was in early life brought to an understanding of the Christian principles by which her mother lived, and they were on terms of close intimacy in regard to religious interests. When about sixteen years of age this daughter also began to speak as a minister, and soon after, with the consent of the meeting, she accompanied a minister from America on a religious visit to the west of England and Wales.

There was a tradesman in Hertford who had been so prosperous that he had attained a high position in the town, but he became a slave to drink. He was very ill, and Mary Pryor felt it laid upon her as a duty that she should visit him. This she attempted to do, but was refused admission by his family. As she returned in the dusk along a lonely road she saw two evil-looking men coming toward her. On looking round she saw a man of better appearance approaching. She stopped and waited till he came up to her; then she asked him if she might walk with him for protection, and he accompanied her toward



her home. As the two ruffians passed them they looked at the pair curiously. When she parted from her companion she asked him to whom she was indebted for such an act of courtesy, and he gave his name as that of a noted highwayman, the leader of a band of robbers.

At another time her faithfulness was the means of saving a life. While she was in the midst of her household duties, an impression came upon her that she should leave her work and go to see a person living some two miles distant. It was so strong that she could not get rid of it, so she put on her wraps and started out on foot through the pouring rain. On reaching the house she sat down by her friend, and addressing her in the name of the Master, she expressed the belief that she had been greatly discouraged, and that her Heavenly Father would not allow her to be so tried again. After speaking many words of comfort to her, the sorrowful woman confessed that her faith had almost failed, and she took Mary Pryor to a cupboard and showed her a bottle of poison which she had intended to take on the afternoon of the same day.

Three times Mary Pryor sought and obtained an interview with King George III. in order to implore him to use his influence to put an end to the war then in progress between Great Britain and the American colonies. One of her grandchildren states: "Her remarks on the falseness of the system the government was pursuing and the certainty of its ultimate failure were much in advance of the public opinion of that day."

It was after the close of the war that she was called to visit the meetings in America. By this time her two oldest daughters were married, and her youngest children were in school, so that she could more easily be spared from home. When she laid the subject before her Monthly Meeting she had the sympathy of many near and dear friends. The closest trial was the separation from her husband. In a letter written to her daughter Mary she says: "But He who gave him to me, has an undoubted right to separate us, and I feel no cause for murmuring. . . . If it were possible for me to have more to give up, He is abundantly worthy of the sacrifice, for I have no one blessing but is His precious gift."

Before deciding in what vessel to sail for America, Mary Pryor visited several of the best ships of the time, but did not feel that she could rightly go in any of them. On taking her seat in an inferior vessel, called the *Fame*, it seemed to her that that vessel was the right one. Her son urged that it was not safe. Another relative said he would not trust one of his dogs in it, yet after a little period of silence she told them that she could see no other course before her but to engage her passage in the *Fame*.

It was near the end of the year 1797, when she was about sixty years of age, that Mary Pryor started out alone on her long journey to America, carrying with her the necessary minutes from her own meetings, as is the custom among Friends. After putting out but a little way from port the vessel was detained

for ten or twelve days before getting fairly started. In a letter to her husband written at this time she tells of the various persons on board, a great mixture, but all kind to her. One youth in particular seemed much attached to her, and she yearned that he might be a scholar in the school of Christ. Although the heavy wind continued so many days her mind was easy and she was not afraid. She says that "these stanzas from Addison are much with me":

"In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

"My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be,  
And death, if death should be my doom,  
Will join my soul to Thee."

They had not been long out at sea before the old vessel sprang a leak, and the water gained on them rapidly. In a short time they were obliged to work continuously at the pumps, and finally the passengers were called in to take their share in the work.

This went on for many weeks. The labor was fatiguing in the extreme, and it appeared so hopeless that the men became entirely disheartened, and without a great deal of encouragement would doubtless have resigned themselves to their fate. During this time Mary Pryor was preserved in great calmness, and feeling that her work on earth was not yet done, she believed that their lives would be saved. She spent much time alone in her cabin in prayer, and

not infrequently she prayed aloud in the presence of the crew and passengers, asking that help might be sent to them. In this way many hearts were deeply impressed, one of the passengers saying long afterward: "Mary Pryor was a wonderful woman in prayer." But she well knew that they must work as well as pray, and she made it her business to stand by the men and encourage them in every way possible, stimulating them with words of confidence that their labor would not be in vain; but with all their united efforts their condition grew steadily worse. The water in the hold increased to the height of five feet, and even flowed into the cabins. The captain was of little use, for being an intemperate man he sought to forget his troubles in drink instead of being nerved to action by the danger. The hope of rescue grew fainter and fainter, the labor at the pumps seemed intolerable, and the men were on the point of giving up all effort in despair. Just at this time Mary Pryor came out of her cabin with a cheerful countenance, saying that she had good news for the ship's company, for their deliverance was near at hand. She announced, with perfect confidence of its fulfillment, that she had had a vision in which she had seen a vessel coming to them that very day, but they must not cease their exertions to keep afloat until she came. She could not remember the vessel's name, but said that if the women passengers would mention their maiden names it would be recalled to her memory. Accordingly, the women were summoned, and one of them, the stew-

ardess, said her name had been Archibald. "That," said Mary Pryor, "is the name of the vessel that will save us."

We may well imagine with what anxiety all eyes scanned the horizon for some sign of the promised deliverance, but many hours of fearful suspense were yet to follow. The water gained in spite of everything. They "lightened the ship" by casting overboard part of the cargo, but all to no purpose, and again it seemed as if the worn-out hands would cease working in sheer hopelessness. Once more Mary Pryor succeeded in arousing the exhausted energies of the men, pleading with them to persevere only two more hours in their laborious service, and within that time a ship was seen in the distance. Eagerly they watched her movements, and fired guns in rapid succession to attract attention. On perceiving their signals of distress she made toward them, and the *Fame* sent an officer in her longboat to inform the captain of their desperate condition and implore assistance.

The vessel was a small Halifax schooner named the *Archibald*, heavily laden with codfish and rather short of water, so that Captain Macey at first doubted whether it would be possible for him to take on board an additional crew with a number of passengers seeing that six hundred miles lay between him and the American coast. On consulting with his men, however, whom he found willing to go on short allowance of water, and having yet time to transfer some provisions from the *Fame* to his vessel, he quickly consented to take the company on board.

The captain was sober enough to see that Mary Pryor had been largely instrumental in saving their lives, and he declared she should remain till the last, saying : "The ship won't sink while she is on board." But the young man who was so attached to her, sprang forward and helped her into the vessel among the first. The passage from one ship to the other entailed fresh danger, as the sea was rough. It was after midnight when all were safe on the *Archibald*, and the seamen said that the *Fame* could not possibly have remained afloat more than an hour or two longer. The little schooner was so filled with oil and codfish that her original company had been somewhat crowded, and now all these newcomers had to get along as best they could ; but they were glad enough to lie down on the fish or wherever any space could be found. Captain Macey gave up his own small cabin to Mary Pryor and another woman passenger. When Mary Pryor went on board her clothing was very wet, and she had nothing to change to until she reached her destination, yet she was kept in good health. After two weeks spent in the *Archibald*, under the kind care of her captain, they arrived at Philadelphia, about three months after they had left England.

The wharf at which they landed was owned by a Friend, Jonathan Willis, to whom Captain Ma went promptly, telling him his story and adding, "There is on board my vessel one of your Friends named Mary Pryor; you had better go and see her. She is a stranger here." Jonathan Willis felt a good

deal excited by the unexpected tidings, and having to make his way on his hands and knees through walls of codfish to reach her, he was still more disturbed. But when he found Mary Pryor sitting quiet and serene and cheerful his anxiety vanished. He invited her to his house near the wharf, which invitation she gladly accepted, and he proceeded to escort her thither. When she reached the wharf, regardless of the mud and the heavy rain that was falling at the time, Mary Pryor fell upon her knees. The captain and crew, who highly esteemed her, with the passengers standing around, reverently uncovered their heads while she poured forth heartfelt thanksgiving to the Father in Heaven for their deliverance, and besought an especial blessing upon the captain, whom she called her "earthly benefactor."

After taking some refreshment at the home of Johathan Willis she wrote to her family, telling them of her safety, fearing that they might hear a worse account. Already many Friends had called upon her; among them she mentions Samuel Emlen, James Pemberton, Nicholas Walh and wife. In the evening she went to the house of James and Phebe Pemberton: "These Friends ministered to all her necessities with a delicate and large-hearted kindness."

John Warder, of Philadelphia, wrote to a friend in London asking him to inform Mary Pryor's family immediately that she was well, and telling briefly the events of the voyage. There was great need of this, for they had heard the worst account, as she had feared, a report having been received that the *Fame*







GH STREET ( MARKET STREET ), PHILADELPH A, IN 1799.  
Looking east from Ninth Street.  
( From an old engraving )

*To face p. 81.*

had gone down and that all on board had perished. John Pryor's grief knew no bounds; but his daughter Ann clung to the belief that her mother was safe, even after the tidings that seemed so hopeless. It was strongly impressed upon her mind one evening, that He who had called her mother to the special service in America would enable her to perform it, and that her life would be spared until it was accomplished. The next morning just before waking she seemed to see a little table in front of the window, on which was lying a half sheet of paper with the address "Philadelphia" at the head of the page, and at the foot the signature, "Mary Pryor," in her mother's own handwriting. She believed this letter would arrive within a week. When it did arrive—being just the first half sheet that Mary Pryor had laid her hands on after landing—her daughter recognized it as the sheet she had seen in her dream.

Philadelphia Friends made Mary Pryor most welcome. She says they called upon her so constantly that it was with difficulty she could find time for writing. Her intercourse with Rebecca Jones was delightful; for they had been closely associated during Rebecca's visit to England in 1784–88, and were warm friends.

James Pemberton as well as several others wrote to John Pryor, assuring him of his wife's acceptable presence among them, and telling him of the meetings she was appointing.

At one time the young man who had crossed the ocean with her called to see her, and on finding that

she had gone to meeting he followed. She spoke on the parable of the prodigal son, enlarging on it in a most impressive way. It went home to the young man as the picture of his own past life, and he supposed it was intended especially for him. In the afternoon he called on Mary Pryor, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed: "Oh, why did you expose me before so many persons? Why could you not have told me all this in private?" He was satisfied when she explained that she had not known he was present.

Mary Pryor commenced her work by visiting the meetings in and about Philadelphia, and as they were many it kept her closely occupied for some weeks. She was in the midst of a large circle of devoted and gifted men and women, and she much appreciated their society and assistance. In some extracts from letters to her husband she says: "I am favored with companions far, very far superior to myself, in my little visits. . . . The young folks are very numerous, and I think pretty promising. . . . The markets are well supplied, provisions higher than they are in England, and house rent dearer. If neither the yellow fever nor war should prevent, this city seems likely to reach the banks of the Schuylkill. The females seem much indulged, mostly keeping fires in their chambers when the weather is cold. 'Blacks' market for the families, and great confidence is placed in them. . . . Some of the plain Friends have their black servants dressed as Friends. . . . There are many very ancient Friends, some near eighty, which I did not

expect. I wonder it should be reckoned an unhealthy climate."

She attended New York and Rhode Island Yearly Meetings, visiting a great number of meetings and Friends belonging thereto. While in Nantucket she visited Captain Macey's family, who had not seen him for eight years.

On her return she was accompanied by her Friends James and Phebe Pemberton to the meetings about Burlington, N. J. While in that neighborhood the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia, near the end of Seventh Month, so that she continued visiting Friends in the country, whither 50,000 persons fled to escape the pestilence.

In the fall she attended Baltimore Yearly Meeting. As winter approached she returned to Philadelphia, and again spent some time there before going home. Shortly before leaving she wrote a letter to the President, John Adams, in which she craved that he might be enabled to fill his important station to the honor of Almighty God.

After spending about a year in America, Mary Pryor returned in safety to her family. With the exception of one or two religious visits made in England and Wales, she spent the remaining sixteen years of her life at Waterside.

Her manner toward little children was particularly winning. In her two great grandchildren she took especial delight. They used to ask her to tell them the story of her shipwreck, and one of them remembered saying, "But wast thou not frightened, grand-

mother?" The reply fastened itself indelibly on the child's mind: "No, my child; my God has preserved me through a long life without fear."

Her last illness seemed to be a "general decay of nature." At one time she said: "What a favor, a blessed favor, to have nothing to do but wait for the last summons." To the end of her life she loved to testify to the goodness of her God, and it was her great desire to encourage others to walk in the path of obedience to Him.

She died in the year 1815, and the hospitable home at Waterside was filled with children and grandchildren, who came to pay their last tribute of affection to one whose memory they justly held so dear.

**ANTHOŃY BENEZET**  
(1713–1784)

*"I desire to the utmost of my abilities, to promote the happiness of all men, even of my enemies, could I have any."*

Letter to Abbé Raynal by Anthony Benezet.

## ANTHONY BENEZET.

“Take your choice ; this is a worthy family, flying from persecution, and they shall pass.” So spoke a young man to a sentinel on the frontier of France about two hundred years ago, while he held in one hand an instrument of death and in the other a purse of gold.

The sentinel chose the purse of gold, and so John Stephen Benezet, his wife, and their two-year-old son Anthony, with their companion, were allowed to cross the boundary of France, enter Holland, and so go to Rotterdam.

Most of the people living in France at that time were Roman Catholics, and they wished to have every one worship in the same way that they did. But a large number believed it was not right for them to worship in that way. These people were called Huguenots. Because they would not give up their religion the Roman Catholics became angry with them, and the King of France, Louis XIV., made laws encouraging their persecution.

John Stephen Benezet and his wife, who belonged to the noted and wealthy people of their times, were Huguenots. In 1715 the persecution reached them. Because they would not change their religion and



join the Roman Catholics, their home at St. Quentin, in France, where Anthony was born, was taken from them and they had to flee to Holland to save their lives.

After the Benezets had been a short time in Rotterdam they removed to London, where they lived for sixteen years. Here John Stephen Benezet engaged in business, and so became able to support his family. His son Anthony received his education while they were in London. Little is known of his childhood, but when he was about fourteen years old he joined the Society of Friends.

In 1731, when he was eighteen years old, his parents moved their family to Pennsylvania, and decided to make Philadelphia their home. Anthony was their oldest child; he had three brothers and three sisters.

In 1736 Anthony Benezet was married in Philadelphia to Joyce Marriott. She was a daughter of Samuel and Mary Marriott, and was born in Burlington, N. J., in 1713, being at the time of their marriage just about the same age as her young husband—twenty-three years. She was a good woman and a very helpful wife to him. They had a daughter, Mary, and a son, Anthony, who both died in infancy.

Soon after he was married Anthony Benezet felt it was his duty to become a teacher, and he engaged in that work in Germantown, near Philadelphia. While he lived there he also did work as a proof-reader for a printer. In 1742 the Friends who had charge of the public school founded by charter from William

Penn in Philadelphia, now called the "Penn Charter School," asked Anthony Benezet to be a teacher in their school. So leaving Germantown, he accepted this position, which he filled for twelve years to the satisfaction of his employers.

He then started a school for girls in his own house. The house in which he lived was on the north side of Chestnut Street and nearly opposite to Carpenter's Hall. At that time Dock Creek emerged from the woods at Fourth and Market Streets, and flowed by his lawn and across Chestnut Street, finally reaching the Delaware River near the foot of Dock Street.

To his school the most wealthy and respectable people sent their daughters. He took much interest in his pupils, and he used kinder and milder ways of instructing and treating them than was mostly the case in schools at that time. He tried to sympathize with his pupils and to encourage them to do what was right, and so to help them to become good and useful people for their own sakes and for the sake of others. At one time he became interested in a deaf and dumb girl, and tried to teach her so that she could enjoy herself with her friends. In those days such unfortunate people were mostly neglected or harshly treated. He is thought to have been the first one in Philadelphia to attempt to educate such a pupil.

He thought that the school-books in use in those early days were not so helpful to children as they should be, so he obtained a copy of each of the different spelling-books and primers that he could find, and after looking over these books, he selected what

was the best from each of them. With these suggestions and his own ideas he wrote a First Book for the youngest children, and also a Spelling Book for the older ones. These he thought would help them to learn to read more easily and to learn the English grammar.

In a letter which he wrote to his friend John Pemberton, he suggested that it would be better for children to have more variety of studies than those usually taught in the schools of that day. Learning to read and write and studying grammar and arithmetic constituted the variety of lessons children had to study at that time. Besides these, Anthony Benezet thought every pupil should learn some book-keeping, physics, geography, astronomy, history, and physiology.

When he was sending some books to John Smith, of Burlington, N. J., in the letter that accompanied them, he wrote: "There are also four of Watts' *'Divine Songs'* for thy children and my honest friend, little Richard Smith. I believe they will be pleased with them, as I have perceived some children older than they have been; some of ye sentiments which are better expressed than is common in such books will, I hope, make some impression on their tender minds. My love is to the children."

But Anthony Benezet did not turn all his attention to schools and school-children. "He looked upon the world as his country, and considered all mankind as his brethren," so that other things opened out before him.

Many, many years ago, men from England, Spain, and Portugal made voyages to explore different parts of the world to find new articles of trade to sell in their home countries. These men often went to countries in Africa where they could trade with the natives for gold and ivory to bring back with them.

The negroes who lived in Africa were not educated, and so some of these European traders began to take advantage of them and treat them unfairly. At length the natives, finding that they were ill-treated, took revenge on the traders and made attacks on them when they attempted to land from their vessels.

Then the traders seized some of the negroes as prisoners and took them away on the ships. They sold them as slaves to the Spaniards in the West Indies. In this way the slave trade began. The traders, finding that slaves could be sold for good prices, now determined to make a business of capturing negroes and selling them. When they went to Africa, they would land a party of men from the vessels to seize upon all the negroes they could get, to bring them to the ships. Then they would sail away to sell them in parts of America. The traders did not consider the feelings of the negroes, they were so greedy to obtain money. In this way the poor negroes were separated from their families and were not likely ever to see their homes again. Before the traders disturbed the Africans, they lived very happily, in a land that was quite productive of fruits and food which was suited to their needs and health. After they were sold into slavery, often they

were required to work very hard and yet receive no wages. Often they had very poor food and scanty clothing given to them, and sometimes they did not have so much care as their masters' horses and cattle. When they did not work as hard as their masters wished them to do they were cruelly whipped and punished. Many of the slaves did not live long under such treatment. So the slave traders continued to bring more negroes from Africa every year to take the places of those who died.

About the year 1750 Anthony Benezet's sympathy and feelings became much aroused by the wickedness of the slave trade. He felt it was his duty to lift up his voice in behalf of this oppressed and wretched portion of his fellow-beings. He thought that the people in Europe and America should know the truth about slavery and the slave trade. Often he might be seen talking to the negroes on the streets and wharves in Philadelphia, and hearing from them the account of their sufferings and hardships. He read books written by travelers in the countries from which the negroes had been taken, and he made use of every opportunity to learn all he could about them and their condition. He thought that he found among the negroes as great a variety of talents as among the same number of whites, and that the reason their masters considered them inferior was that they had kept their slaves at so great a distance from them that they were not able to judge of their abilities.

Anthony Benezet attempted to inform the public

of the conditions of slavery by writing articles for the newspapers and almanacs. He was untiring in his efforts to obtain relief for the slaves. He wrote letters to many prominent and influential people in order to interest them and to enlist their help in the cause of these poor people. Among those to whom he wrote letters on this account were Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain, and the Queens of France and Portugal, and also the Archbishop of Canterbury, Abbe Raynal, and George Whitefield.

Under the patronage of Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon, and aided by other people both in England and America, a college for the education of poor orphans had been founded near Savannah in Georgia. The managers of this institution employed a large number of slaves to cultivate their rice and indigo plantations. Anthony Benezet thought the people who supported this college would not approve of this plan if they knew it, so he wrote to the Countess of Huntingdon telling her of these facts, and appealed to her not to allow the managers to encourage slavery. She replied to him that such a plan should not have her consent and she would try to prevent it.

Granville Sharp, of London, who was much interested in having the slave trade stopped, wrote a book on the subject. Anthony Benezet read this book, and thought so well of it that he had parts of it printed in America. Near the same time Granville Sharp had seen some of Anthony Benezet's books, which he liked so well that he had some of them printed in England. After this, these two men, who

had not been acquainted before, began to correspond with each other about their work to stop the slave trade, and many letters passed between them.

In 1775 a few people, mostly Friends, formed themselves into "The Society for the Relief of Free Negroes Unlawfully Held in Bondage." Anthony Benezet was one of its most active workers.

The most important books that he wrote in the interests of the negroes were: "*An Account of That Part of Africa Inhabited by the Negroes*," "*A Caution and Warning to Great Britain and Her Colonies*," and "*An Historical Account of Guinea . . . with Some History of the Rise and Progress of the Slave Trade*." These books he had printed at his own expense, and he gave copies to many prominent people that they might be informed about this subject, and might help to change these conditions. He carried books and pamphlets in his pockets and distributed them whenever he had an opportunity.

The Society of Friends became much aroused in the interests of anti-slavery. Philadelphia Yearly Meeting sent Anthony Benezet's "*Caution to Great Britain*" to the Yearly Meeting in London, and requested that it might be reprinted in England and copies of it given to the members of Parliament and other prominent people there. This was done, and many people in England received copies in this way.

In 1785 a gentleman who was interested in the University of Cambridge in England offered a prize to the senior students to be given to the one who should write the best Latin essay. The subject that







THOMAS CLARKSON (1760-1846).

The well-known English philanthropist and author

*To face p. 95*

was given to them was "Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?" ("Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?") One of these students who had received a prize for his Latin essay the year before was anxious to do his best to obtain this prize also. He had some information on the subject given, but he was much at a loss to find all that he wanted. He was feeling much discouraged about it one day, when he called at the house of one of his friends. There he took up a newspaper that was lying on the table, and one of the articles which attracted his notice was an advertisement of Anthony Benezet's "*Historical Account of Guinea*." He soon left his friend and the paper, and to lose no time, hastened to London to buy the book. "In this precious book," he wrote afterwards, "I found almost all that I wanted." Then he went to work in earnest to write his essay. He became so much interested in the subject of the poor slaves that he could scarcely think of anything else. The condition of slavery and the slave trade was so dreadful that he almost doubted the truth of the accounts. At last he finished his task and the first prize was awarded to him. This student was Thomas Clarkson, who became one of the most noted workers in this noble cause of freedom in England, and who devoted his life to it. By the aid of Thomas Clarkson, Granville Sharp, William Wilberforce, and the Society of Friends, Great Britain was enabled to liberate 800,000 slaves in the West India Islands.

The Society of Friends in America became more and more impressed with the sinfulness of slavery.

They felt that the best way to help the cause of anti-slavery was to set the example of freeing the slaves which they had themselves. At one time when the subject as to whether Friends should hold slaves or not was before the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, it seemed doubtful how the matter would be decided. Anthony Benezet left his seat in an obscure part of the house, and presented himself, weeping, at an elevated door in the presence of the whole congregation. There he spoke these words of the Psalmist: "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." He said no more. This made a solemn impression on the meeting, and it was decided then that no Friend should hold slaves in bondage.

In 1774 the Friends of Pennsylvania had practically freed all their slaves; any who declined to do so were excluded from membership. In 1787 there was not a slave in the possession of an acknowledged Quaker. But the Friends did not stop with this good work. They provided places for the negroes to hold meetings for Divine worship. They started schools in which the negroes and their children were freely instructed in useful learning. Committees were appointed to provide books, and to see that the children were sent to school, and to visit them there.

Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends, of which Anthony Benezet was a member, established such a school in 1770, it is supposed at his suggestion. This school, called the "School for Black People and their Descendants," is continued to the present time (1909) under the care of the Monthly Meeting. He

was actively interested in it, and the last two years of his life he taught the school, which was then held in his house. In his will he directed that after the death of his wife nearly the whole of his property should be devoted to its support.

Soon after Count de Luzerne, an ambassador from the court of Louis XVI., came to Philadelphia, Anthony Benezet made him a visit to interest him in regard to the slave trade. These two men became very friendly while the Count remained in the city. When he was about to return to France many people went to call on him, and among them Anthony Benezet. There he found many guests, who were bestowing compliments and good wishes upon the Count, so he retired to a corner of the room until some of the visitors had gone. He then presented himself before the Count and said: "Thou knowest I cannot use the compliments which the company have expressed, but I wish thee the favor of Heaven and a safe return to thy country." Upon which the Count exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Benezet, you have exceeded them all!" at the same moment embracing and kissing him.

Anthony Benezet considered the American Indians likewise as his brothers, being children of the same Heavenly Father as himself. While Friends held important positions in the government of Pennsylvania, the white people and the Indians lived peaceably side by side; but about 1750 settlers had moved farther into the interior of Pennsylvania, and had taken land which the Indians thought belonged to

them. So when the Indians found that the white men were not treating them fairly, they lost confidence in them, and before long began to attack the white people living near them, so that many were killed or cruelly treated.

The Friends were much grieved that the settlers and traders had treated the Indians in a way to make them feel so angry and cruel towards them. In 1756 a number of people in Philadelphia and some outside the city, who were mostly Friends, formed a society called "The Friendly Association for Regaining and Preserving Peace with the Indians by Pacific Measures." Anthony Benezet was an interested member of this society. The members were liberal in giving money to help the work of the Association, and they sent committees to visit the Indians in different places, who took presents of clothing and other things to them.

The Friends sometimes held religious meetings with the Indians, and they had meetings to talk over business matters with each other. Anthony Benezet was a member of these committees. He also thought the Indian children should be educated, and the older Indians should be taught how to farm their land and how to make their homes more comfortable.

Many people did not approve of the doings of the governors of Pennsylvania and their officers, who wanted to get all the land they could from the Indians without paying for it. The Friendly Association at different times wrote letters to them to try to persuade them to treat the Indians fairly and honestly.

At one time the Friendly Association had a silver medal designed which they gave to the principal Indian chiefs of the several nations. This was intended to remind the Indians that the men of the Association were truly their friends and wished to have them treated honestly. The medal was to represent William Penn, or, as the Indians called him, Brother Onas, at a council-fire, offering the calumet of peace to a chief, and pointing to the sun as a sign of purity and of the lasting friendship which the Friendly Association wished to have with them.

In 1763 when the British army was preparing to make war on the Indians Anthony Benezet was much distressed. He wrote a long letter to the commander-in-chief of the army. He told him that the Indians were jealous of the English because they thought the English wanted to drive them off their lands. He told the general that many of the Indians were peaceable persons, and if the English treated them honestly they would have no trouble. He also wrote that for seventy years the people of Pennsylvania had found that the Indians, when not irritated by the traders, were true to their promises.

The dreadful effects of war upon nations and races deeply grieved Anthony Benezet's tender heart. He wrote essays to convince people that it was wrong to allow their passions and tempers to become so aroused that they would not be satisfied without staining their hands with the blood of their fellow-men. He felt so in earnest on this account that at one time he wrote

an energetic and pathetic letter to Frederick, King of Prussia.

Before the Revolutionary war the people in the different colonies in this country were not satisfied with the laws made by Great Britain respecting them. Each colony selected a few men who were to meet together to consult upon the plans they should take to relieve their troubles. Anthony Benezet visited many of these men to try to persuade them from going to war. During his visit to Patrick Henry, the celebrated orator and statesman, he told him that we should look even for deliverance from God alone, and we should use such methods as would please the Heavenly Father of all mankind, who loves all his children, even those who might be wrongly influenced.

One of Anthony Benezet's pamphlets, entitled "*Thoughts on the Nature of War*," was published in 1776, about the time the Revolutionary war began. This pamphlet was sent to many persons of distinction and influence, both in America and Europe.

In a letter to Henry Laurens, the President of the Congress of the United States, he wrote: "As followers of a Saviour Who teaches us to love one another, even to love our enemies, and Who finally gave up his life for our salvation, how can we readily continue the war? In this way so many thousands and tens of thousands of our fellow-men, equally with ourselves the children of our Heavenly Father, lose their lives; not to mention the wickedness and the expense which war makes. It is a matter which

certainly calls for the most serious thought of those who have the least love for mankind."

The same year he also wrote "*Serious Reflections on the Times*," the conclusion of which book is as follows: "Let us not, beloved brethren, forget our profession as Christians, nor the blessing promised by Christ to the peacemakers. But let us all sincerely ask our common Father for help to pray—not for the destruction of our enemies, who are still our brethren, but for an agreement with them; not to indulge our passions in the gain and delights of this vain world, and forget that we are only pilgrims and strangers in it—but that we may be better fitted for the kingdom of God, that in His good pleasure He may grant us such a peace as may prove to the consolation of the Church as well as the nation, and be on earth an image of the tranquility of Heaven."

Anthony Benezet's sympathies were much stirred when he knew that five hundred suffering Acadians, descendants of French people who lived in Nova Scotia, had been banished to Philadelphia. When Nova Scotia ceased to be a French colony and came under control of Great Britain, the Acadians were allowed to keep their land. They were to be excused from having to bear arms against either their Indian neighbors or the French people. For this reason they were called neutrals. They were good, industrious people, and were strongly attached to the French King, and devoted to the Roman Catholic religion. But while the French and Indians were at war with the English people, certain of the young neutrals were



found to have given some information to the French and Indians. This made the English commander so angry that he determined to punish all the Acadians. He ordered them to meet at different ports, pretending that some valuable information would be given to them, and they, not knowing what awaited them, obeyed the order and collected at the places appointed. Then they were told that their property was to be given to the government, and they were to be banished to different places from Massachusetts to South Carolina. Soldiers immediately appeared, and nearly seven thousand of these poor people were forced on the vessels waiting to take them away. At this distressing time children were separated from their parents and husbands from their wives. They were so crowded on the ships that there was not room for all to lie down at once, and many of them were sick and without the necessaries of life.

No wonder Anthony Benezet's sympathy was aroused for these poor French people, when he would remember how his father had suffered. He at once adopted the five hundred sufferers who arrived at Philadelphia as objects of his special care, and used every exertion to relieve their misery. As he could speak French he could talk to them in their own language.

The large barracks in which they were first housed upon their arrival were not suitable for their needs, so he asked permission of his friend Samuel Emlen for the use of a lot of ground which was owned by him. He collected money from other Friends, and

soon a number of small houses were built to accommodate the Acadians. He also helped them to find work by which to earn their living.

One day Joyce Benezet could not find a pair of blankets she had recently bought. She went into the room where her husband was writing, and said she wondered what could have become of her new blankets. When he knew for what she was searching, he said: "Oh, my dear, I gave them some evenings since to one of the poor neutrals."

Anthony Benezet helped the Acadians to write a letter to the King of Great Britain to inform him of the history of their sufferings. Indeed, he took so much interest in them, that one of the older Acadians thought it was impossible that he would do so much for them only from love and kindness; he was afraid he would some day sell them for slaves to repay him for his trouble. But when some one told Anthony Benezet of the old man's fear, he lifted up his hands in surprise and laughed immoderately.

Henry W. Longfellow tells the story of the banishment of these Acadians in his "*Evangeline*." He refers to those who came to Philadelphia in these lines:—

"In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's  
waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of  
beauty,  
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the  
forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.  
There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters."

Anthony Benezet believed that the doctrines and practices of the Society of Friends were based on the teachings of Jesus Christ, and he was at all times desirous, not only of carrying them out in practice, but of making them known. At one time he therefore wrote a book called "*A Short Account of the Religious Society of Friends, Commonly Called Quakers.*" Two years later he wrote "*On the Plainness and Innocent Simplicity of the Christian Religion.*"

He was one who loved piety and virtue in others wherever he found them, and who respected all sincere worshipers of God. His own profession of Christianity was never contradicted by his precepts or his practice. The religion taught by Jesus Christ was his creed and regulated his conduct, and became the purest of his earthly enjoyments. He often said that the memorable Sermon on the Mount taught enough to occupy the full attention of the sincere in heart, and if duly regarded, its lessons would ensure the present and everlasting welfare of men.

He felt that the possession of wealth was a great responsibility, and that those who were so blessed had a great opportunity to do good to the poor and friendless. An acquaintance told him that he had recently heard of the death of a person in whose house was found many thousand dollars in specie. He expressed great sorrow in hearing this fact, and begged his friend not to tell it, adding that he thought "it would have been quite as reasonable to have had as many thousand pairs of boots and shoes in the house, whilst the poor were suffering with bare feet for the want of them."

His kindness and charity towards people in distress was instinctive. One of his friends related that he had seen him take off his coat in the street and give it to a scantily clad beggar, and go home in his shirt-sleeves for another garment.

Anthony Benezet is described as a small man, and though his face beamed with kindly animation, it was far from being handsome. A friend once expressing a desire to possess his portrait, he replied: "Oh, no, no! my ugly face shall not go down to posterity." He was remarkably active in his movements, having much of the vivacity of manner peculiar to his countrymen, the French. He dressed very plainly, his clothing being made in the most simple manner, and of some material selected for the durability of its texture. He was never idle; perhaps no man more faithfully occupied his time, and few if any to so good a purpose.

When it became known that he was ill, his friends

and fellow-citizens were seen crowding about his dwelling, anxious to learn his real situation. When it was thought that he would not recover, many people came to see him, and the chamber in which he lay and the passage that led to it were filled with approaching and retiring mourners. He kindly received these visits of respect and love. The day before his death he said to his wife, "We have lived long, in love and peace." He died on the third of Fifth Month, 1784, aged seventy-one years.

At his interment in Friends' burial-ground, the greatest gathering of people was present that had ever been witnessed on such an occasion in Philadelphia. It might justly be said that "the mourners went about the streets" and that his death was embalmed with tears. An officer who had served in the American army during the Revolutionary war, in returning from the funeral, said: "I would rather be Anthony Benezet in that coffin than General Washington with all his fame!"

Henry Drinker wrote to John Pemberton: "I expect thou wilt have heard before this reaches thee of the removal of our beloved friend and brother, Anthony Benezet, who peacefully passed away, full of years and full of honor, to a better inheritance. Where shall we find another Anthony Benezet—a man so uniformly and steadily engaged in promoting the real good and true happiness of his fellow-man? It was thus he was engaged early and late. That the just man's life is a shining light has been verified in the example of this pious man, whose love and good-

will was of that enlarged kind that all ranks and descriptions of men were the objects of his Christian regard and notice."

"Who counts his brother's welfare,  
As sacred as his own,  
And loves, forgives and pities,  
He serveth Me alone."

"*Vision of Echard.*"—J. G. WHITTIER.



# **INDIAN EMBASSAGES**

**A STUDY IN FAIRNESS**



*"I endeavor after the resignation of all, even my life, to the Divine disposal; yet I hope we shall be conducted by prudence in our movements, not rushing hastily into danger."*

William Savery, 1791, in reference to Negotiations in  
the Interests of the Indians.

*"We are enjoined not to speak evil of dignitaries, but I fear that injunction was almost forgotten when I heard the chairman of the Senate Committee taking this ground for not ratifying the Cattaraugus treaty. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but if thou hast a spiritual six-shooter, now let go every barrel of it. . . . My heart is overcharged with tribulation."*

Thomas Wistar, 1870, to Joseph Scattergood in reference to  
the exclusion of New York Indians from their claims to  
Kansas lands.





RED JACKET.

CORNPLANTER.

Portraits from McKenney & Hall's "*Indian Tribes of North America*." These Seneca chiefs are spoken of as leaders, respectively, of the "war party" and the "peace party." McKenney & Hall devoted many years to the study of the Indians, and there is presumptive evidence in favor of the accuracy of these portraits.

To face p 111.

## INDIAN EMBASSAGES.

We introduce this chapter with selections from the Journals of two men, who were separated in time by half a century, and who naturally represented two very different phases of the Indian problem—William Savery and Thomas Wistar.

William Savery was born in 1750, so that his life witnessed much of that period of Indian history during which their claims to territory in the east were tested, and ample opportunity granted to their sympathizing friends for giving them counsel and helping them make the best of what too often seemed little more than a forlorn hope.

Thomas Wistar was born in 1798. His long life, devoted to actual service for the Indian, was especially associated with them after their removal to the allotments made them in the west, in the so-called Indian territory.

Parts of our sketch will naturally center about these two men. The work of the one is no more pioneer in its nature than that of the other. Though Thomas Wistar lived at a time when the saddle and canoe had given place to the steam-train and the river boat, his work was oftenest far from the places to which these modern conveyances had reached; night after

night he slept on the open plains, often with none but Indians for his companions.

To make the chronology of the chapter correct it will be necessary to start with the beginning of Friends' knowledge of the Indians. This we shall find to be twenty-three years before William Penn made his treaty with them at Shackamaxon.

In 1659 John Taylor, of York, England, traveled in America, and wrote of the natives as follows (this is claimed to be the first mention made of them by a Friend): "As I was coming the first time to Shelter Island, I came late into an Indian town, where my guide led me into a wigwam. . . . Being received kindly and directed to my lodging upon some mats and rushes, I lay down to sleep. . . . When I traveled that way again the Indians were exceedingly joyful. . . . And then I had an opportunity to declare the truth to them and to turn them from darkness to the light of Christ Jesus in their own hearts, and they heard me soberly. . . . And they were loving and kind afterwards to Friends."

Twelve years later George Fox made an extensive visit to the settlements of Friends in America. Previous to this visit, however, he had received numerous reports of the red men, and had written to Friends in America that they should send some of their most trusty men to the Indians to ask for a council, so that the Indians would have an "opportunity of hearing God's everlasting truth." When George Fox came to America he had many religious meetings with Friends and their neighbors; and the

Indians were always welcome and often attended these meetings.

Many Friends who came to America about the time of George Fox's visit have left in their journals very similar accounts to his; but by far the greatest interest in early Indian history is associated with the name of William Penn.

On the fourteenth of Tenth Month, 1682, under the great elm at Shackamaxon upon the banks of the Delaware River, William Penn with his friends met the vast assemblage of chiefs and warriors, and in a few well-chosen words unfolded his views and feelings: "The Great Spirit," said he, "who made you and me, who rules in heaven and earth, who knows the innermost thoughts of man, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with the Indians, and to serve them to the utmost of our power. It is not the custom of me and my friends to use weapons of war against our fellow-creatures, and for this reason we have come to you without arms. Our desire is not to do injury and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. We are now met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, and no advantage will be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love." The response on the part of the Indians was likewise memorable and solemn, and the promise was made that "they would live in love and peace with Onas and his children so long as the sun and moon shall endure." That these words were not an idle utterance we have the testimony and mutual

acts of childrens' children through seven generations to attest, during which time the Indian has proved faithful; and of the Friend it cannot be said that the compact of brotherly love has been forgotten.

When William Penn asked Charles II. for the grant of Pennsylvania, he said he wanted "to reduce the savage natives by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion." Settlers were bound to treat the Indians fairly, and were punished severely if they did not. William Penn wrote: "So far are we from ill-terms with the natives, that we have lived in great friendship. I have made seven purchases, and in pay and presents they have received at least twelve hundred pounds of me. . . . They generally leave their guns at home when they come to our settlements; they offer us no affront, not so much as to one of our dogs. . . . Justice gains and awes them. They have some great men among them, I mean for wisdom, truth and justice."

William Penn often visited the Indians in their villages, and tribes came to him to renew treaties. When his talk with them was ended, he gave them presents of matches, coats or blankets. The Indians also visited James Logan at his beautiful home, Stenton, near Germantown. There is a tradition that when they remained all night they wrapped themselves in their blankets and slept on the broad steps in the hall. The early Friends, especially William Penn and James Logan, also made efforts to educate the Indians, and to prevent the white men from selling them rum.

In 1706 Thomas Chalkley and thirteen other Friends from Nottingham visited the Indians. They traveled fifty miles through the woods, carrying their provisions with them. The Indians called a council, and they and the Friends spoke one at a time, "without any heat or jarring." One influential old woman thought the coming of the Friends an extraordinary event, in fact more than natural, because they did not come to get bargains, but to do the Indians good.

As the white people moved in, the Indians went further west. This was what happened wherever the two races came into close contact. In most of the colonies this followed only after bitter warfare and much bloodshed. In Pennsylvania the Indians retired peaceably and surrendered the beautiful valleys on the east of the mountains for the more rugged territory on the western slope.

The loss of Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburg) to the British in the summer of 1755 marks an important epoch in the history of Indian migrations; as it is associated but indirectly with Friends it need not claim a place here; suffice it to say, that as the century drew toward a close the Indian claims to territory in the New England and Middle States had dwindled to a comparatively few small reservations.

In 1792 Friends in Philadelphia were informed that a war was being carried on among certain Indian tribes in a territory which they called the northwest. It was in the region of Lake Erie and the Niagara River. A number of Friends waited upon President



Washington and asked him to take measures to put a stop to the war. Washington gave their request due consideration; and shortly afterward, when it was rumored that a great council was to be held on the western shore of Lake St. Clair, near the present site of Detroit, he entered heartily into the plan of sending some Friends to meet with the Indians. The United States Government also sent regularly-appointed delegates to this great meeting.

No Benjamin West has painted for us the treaty council on the shores of Lake St. Clair. It occupies an unimportant place by the side of the treaty which a full century and more before had been ratified without oath by the fathers of those Indians who were now making a heroic, though it may be a poorly-directed, effort to maintain their rights. While no canvas preserves the picture, we have in the pages of a delightfully written journal, that of William Savery, a full account of the part Friends took in these negotiations. In the span that separates these two events is there not revealed a century of honest Christian effort? Other journals than that of William Savery will show that throughout the entire period the claim of friendship which was spoken of at the first treaty had been kept entire.

At the time of which we are now speaking, as William Savery's journal tells us, a letter to the Indians signed by forty-four Friends was sent by the hands of the committee who left Philadelphia the following spring. Three of them, John Parrish, Joseph Moore, and John Elliott, went to Niagara Falls on

horseback, in company with two of the commissioners, and William Savery, William Hartshorne, and Jacob Lindley went by stage to New York. Here the latter boarded a sloop, went up the Hudson River, crossed the country to Schenectady, and took a rowboat on the Mohawk River. They carried their boats and baggage from the Mohawk to Oneida Lake, descended to Lake Ontario and had an easy passage to Niagara Falls. As they traveled up the Niagara River the three Friends who had gone on horseback hailed them from the shore. Both parties boarded the *Dunmore*, a government vessel, at Erie. There were about sixty Indians among the passengers. The Friends made them some small presents, and invited them to a religious meeting which was held in the cabin. These two acts gained their friendship.

In a few days they made a landing at a point farther west, and there ensued a long period of waiting; for the Indians, slow by nature, seemed on this occasion even more tardy than usual in making known their wants. The two parties were the United States Commissioners on the one side and the Indian chiefs of a score or more of tribes on the other. The six Friends who were present were there by urgent invitation of President Washington; they knew that they had no deciding part in the conference, but their warm interest in the Indians prompted them to wait through the long and tedious proceedings.

A trader, whom Jacob Lindley visited, said that the Indians were more dangerous than they used to be, and he feared that none of the white men would

get away from Detroit alive unless the United States agreed to their demands. The greed for land on the part of the white man and the demoralization wrought by rum among the Indians were the two great obstacles that threatened any conspicuous advancement on the Indians' part to the arts of civilized life. For a century these two agencies had been steadily at work except in a few favored localities, and therefore it was no surprise to Jacob Lindley to receive this caution. The Indians, hearing that friendly white men had come to visit them, gathered in great numbers; but the picture contrasts sadly with the other meeting that William Penn had held with their ancestors so many years before. These Indians at Detroit had many of them been drinking; they called the Friends vile names, and appeared very angry. When the Friends withdrew from their company an Indian followed, took hold of the arm of one and cried: "Come back, come back." In a short time some frightfully-painted Indians, dancing the war-dance, came to visit the Friends. They came so often to beg for rum and other presents that the Friends had to keep out of their way.

But the Indians were not all so depraved; some of them were fully worthy of their ancestors. On a certain day, while they were still waiting for the Indian chiefs to make known their wants, six or seven savages called on William Savery. They belonged to a tribe that did not fight, had just been removed to a new place, their crops had not yet grown, and they had scarcely anything to eat. After thinking the

matter over the Friends bought them \$100 worth of corn and flour.

One Wyandotte chief who learned that Friends had left their comfortable homes and their business, and taken a long, hard journey to help make a fair treaty for the Indians, and who saw that they were all in good health, said it was plain that the Great Spirit was pleased with their journey, and he hoped some good would be done.

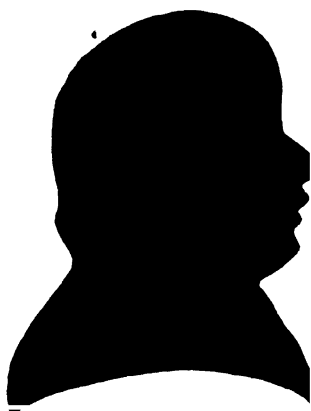
The summer days grew to weeks, and the weeks to months; there was nothing to do but wait in assumed patience. The white men very well knew that to appear over anxious on their part would be falsely construed by the Indians. Finally, on the very last day of summer, the Indians came to the Friends soon after breakfast. Still there was no sign of dispatch; for they sat smoking their pipes until five o'clock in the afternoon. Then the council-fire was kindled, and the Indians' demand was made known. It was that the white people should vacate the land west of the Ohio River. The Commissioners had but one reply to make, and on the next morning the Indian messengers carried the report to the chiefs who had by this time withdrawn to a place called the Rapids.

The Friends wished to see all the Indians, and proposed returning with the messengers. This the United States officers would not allow, as they thought the Friends might be murdered. Before this they had presented, by the hands of Captain Elliott, the letter of the Philadelphia Friends and one of their own addressed to the Indians.

Hoping that the Indians could be brought to make their demands more reasonable, the Commissioners and the Friends continued in camp. The weather was growing colder, a heavy storm tested their tents and the rain deluged their mattresses, the neighboring swamps were the home of countless mosquitoes, chills and fever attacked some of the company, the Indians about them were often drunk, and the life of the frontier fort was distasteful in the extreme to the Friends; still they tarried, hoping that their mission would avert a war. Finally, one afternoon about four o'clock, a canoe containing two Indians was seen coming towards their camp, and it was recognized as a canoe from the Rapids. The Commissioners had made their final offers, and the group of white men waited with ill-concealed expectancy the news these red men would bring. They landed, and having gone through the form of presenting their message, the message itself was presented. The Indians objected to some of the terms of the treaty. The Commissioners were disappointed and angry, for they thought their enemies, the British, had influenced the Indians. The messengers looked wild and afraid. They ate but little of the lunch that was set before them and soon slipped away. The Commissioners struck their tents, ordered their baggage on board the *Dunmore*, and sailed for Fort Erie. Thus ended in apparent failure a measure that had been planned to influence the whole question of Indian civilization.

Four of the Friends took their horses, visited Friends in southwestern New York, crossed the State





WILLIAM SAVERY (1750-1804).

*To face p. 12*

to Painted Post, near Corning, traveled south by the Old Genesee road to Block House, near Williamsport in Pennsylvania, visited Friends at Muncy, and passed on to Philadelphia. They traveled through wildernesses and swamps, were caught unprotected in fearful storms, lay all night by camp-fires in their wet clothes, met Indians and dangerous-looking armed men, and sometimes had nothing for themselves or their horses to eat.

In the meantime, William Savery had reached Montreal. His Journal gives many interesting incidents of the trip, upon which we cannot dwell; suffice it to say, that it was a full year after the great meeting at Detroit before he arrived even at Saratoga, and there the distress caused by his hardships was increased on hearing that yellow fever was raging in Philadelphia, and that all travel between that place and New York had been stopped. All obstacles, however, were overcome at last, and he finally returned to his family in safety.

These Friends had not the satisfaction of seeing a treaty concluded, but they had no doubt that they had done their duty by going on this long and painful mission. They had renewed the ancient friendship with the Indians, visited Friends in remote regions, and held religious meetings with many people who seldom had a meeting to attend. A war followed in which the Indians were defeated, and the United States government paid them \$20,000 for land worth a hundred times as much.

A year later Philadelphia Friends were told that



a council was to be held between the United States and the Six Nations, at Canandaigua in New York. The Indians and the commissioner, Colonel Pickering, wanted Friends to attend. Four men, of whom William Savery was one, offered to go, and the meeting sent several presents and a letter. They started about the middle of Ninth Month, on horseback, passing Block House and Painted Post, and after ten days' hard travel reached Canandaigua.

Next day they had their first conference with the Oneidas, who hoped they would discuss the objects of their meeting with candor and freedom, and for that purpose they said, "we now unstopped our ears that we might hear, and unstopped our throats that we might speak." Colonel Pickering and his party wished to be as candid as they desired and also "opened their ears and unstopped their throats."

During their stay of two months the Friends always held religious meetings on First-day, attended by Indians and settlers, some of whom came many miles. They had several councils with the Oneidas, both parties making long speeches and passing belts of wampum as tokens of friendship. The Senecas delayed coming, though there were five hundred of them only twenty-six miles away, whom John Parrish and James Emlen visited. At last a party of Senecas arrived, elaborately painted and ornamented. They looked terrific and warlike as they drew up before General Chapin's door; they had come with pomp and ceremony to return the strings of wampum that had been sent them when they were invited to the meeting.

A few days later Cornplanter and his party arrived in full Indian dress and paint, and were received with the usual forms. There were then sixteen hundred Indians in camp, dancing, yelling, and begging the whites for rum. Old Cornplanter, the masterful and celebrated chief, had the year previous to this sent greetings to Friends in Philadelphia, in which he said: "Brothers, the Seneca Nation see that the Great Spirit intends they should not continue to live by hunting; and they look round on every side and enquire 'who it is that shall teach them what is best for them to do?' Your fathers dealt *honestly* by our fathers, and these have engaged us to remember it. We wish our children to be taught the same principles by which your fathers were guided . . . and such other things as you teach your children, especially the love of peace."

The Six Nations were now all assembled, and they first held a council with each other, to welcome, congratulate, and condole with each other, and pass belts of wampum. Two days later another council was held at which Colonel Pickering condoled with the Delawares for the loss of one of their people. By speech and gesture he performed the ceremony of burying him and covering the grave with leaves. The next day, at a council, Fish Carrier assured Colonel Pickering that they intended to remain friends with the fifteen fires (States), and he presented fifteen strings of checkered wampum to seal the friendship. Colonel Pickering replied with great kindness and patience, and introduced the Friends,

who then read the address from Philadelphia Yearly Meeting.

One evening, after a five-hour meeting of the council, Friends dined by candle-light with about fifteen chiefs, among them Cornplanter and Red Jacket. Some of the Indians had a great deal of wit and humor, especially Red Jacket, one of the greatest orators in the Six Nations. Another evening, when the Friends were alone, they talked over the forlorn condition of the Indians, and wondered how Friends could help them more than they had done. A few days later Sagareesa (the Sword Carrier), a chief of the Tuscaroras, came on a visit, and said he wished some of the young men Friends might come among them as teachers.

William Savery and his companions mentioned this in the report they made to the Yearly Meeting that year, and at once steps were taken to meet the Indians' request. The United States government consented to the Yearly Meeting's proposition to send competent whites to reside among the Indians, and Timothy Pickering, then Secretary of State, addressed a letter to the natives on this account. In the spring of 1796 three young men, members of the Society of Friends, went to live among the Stockbridge and Oncida Indians in New York, and the oversight of the interests there soon passed into the efficient management of Friends of the New York Yearly Meeting.

Two years later three young men Friends established themselves at Oldtown on the banks of the

Alleghany River and began to teach the arts of farming and blacksmithing to the Senecas. Cornplanter approved the undertaking, coming up from his reservation to assist in determining the location for this first settlement of Philadelphia Friends.

Of the Cornplanter reservation, it may be stated that it consisted of about a square mile of land, and was granted to Cornplanter by the State of Pennsylvania on account of his faithfulness to the American cause during the Revolutionary war. Prior to 1876 some of his descendants, having contracted debts to the neighboring whites, were likely to lose their hold upon it. In their distress they appealed to Friends for advice, who, after careful examination, paid the debts and retained the ownership in the descendants of Cornplanter.

On an autumn evening during this second visit of William Savery to the Indians of the northwest at the Council of Canandaigua, an interesting interview took place between four chiefs and the Friends, which proved more important in its results than the great council held at Detroit a few years before. Three of the chiefs were Red Jacket, Clear Sky, and the Sword Carrier; they asked for a private talk with the Friends. They went away from the house and sat down on some logs. Red Jacket spoke, calling the Friends "Brothers." They had thought upon the proposals made by the government through Colonel Pickering, and now they wanted the advice of Friends. They told the Friends what the Indians were willing to give up, gave them a string of wam-

pum and left until the Friends could make up their minds. William Savery gave the reply, holding the strings of wampum in his hand, and at the end of the speech returning them to the Indians. Red Jacket was careful to understand the points made by William Savery, and said the advice would be of great use to them. After more council-fires and more eloquence, Colonel Pickering read the proposed treaty to the Friends, who told him they could not sign it because they did not consider it fair to the Indians. At the next council-fire the Indians gave up some points, and Colonel Pickering gave up much more than he had expected to surrender, and then "covered the council-fire," which is the Indian way of adjourning the meeting. Then Colonel Pickering and the chiefs prepared a new treaty. At last the many difficulties were adjusted; the treaty was read and signed by about fifty chiefs. Farmers' Brother, the chief sachem, thanked the Friends for their attendance and help, and the object of the council was in good degree accomplished.

The date of this second visit of William Savery marks the time of the establishment of the Indian school at Tunesassa. It seemed best that Friends should be entirely independent of the Indians, hence they bought a farm on Tunesassa Creek, in Cattaraugus County, New York, adjoining the Alleghany reservation. Here they started a saw and grist mill, where Indians might have work done gratuitously. Next a day school was opened for Indian children. This developed finally into a well-managed boarding-school,

where habits of cleanliness and thrift claim attention even more than scholastic training, and where model farming and dairying are carried on as ever-present object-lessons before the Indian; for the inborn inclination of the Indian to fish and hunt yields but gradually to the demands of civilization.

Pennsylvania, through the legacy of the work of William Penn, will always be held as the pioneer State in the pacific treatment of the red men. Other Yearly Meetings were, however, not behind Philadelphia in their active interest in the Indians' behalf. In New York Thomas Eddy's hospitable mansion was a wigwam to the traveling Indian, where he drank when thirsty and ate when hungry. This Friend sometimes had a dozen Indians—men, women, and children—in his house at once. An unusual incident is recorded in 1797, when some Indian women of the Stockbridge tribe wrote a letter to women Friends in New York, calling them "sisters." These Indians lived a little more than one hundred miles northwest of Albany.

A year after the treaty with the Six Nations, Baltimore Yearly Meeting appointed an Indian Committee and opened subscriptions for the Indians in the northwest, who had been defeated by General Wayne. They had given up their land and accepted a reservation near the Lakes. The Baltimore Friends aimed to encourage school education, farming, and mechanics. They had advice from Philadelphia, a good understanding with the United States government, and letters from the Secretary of State to Governor St.

Clair and General Wayne. The Friends made the trip to Indiana, but found the Indians so much scattered that they could do nothing but make plans for a more successful visit in the future.

The committee met often and letters were exchanged with the Indians. In 1802 Friends were told that a company of Indians were at Baltimore on their way to Washington.\* Several members of Baltimore Meeting went to see them to talk on two very important subjects: the introduction of some of the arts of civilized life, and the exclusion of intoxicating drinks. Two conferences were held. Several of the Friends, and chiefs Little Turtle and Five Medals, made speeches. They all expressed the love and good will they felt for each other. The second conference was a temperance meeting. Little Turtle spoke thus of intoxicating drinks: "An evil that has so much ruin in it; that has destroyed so many of our lives that it causes our young men to say: 'We had better be at war with the white people.' . . . It is this liquor that causes our young men to go without clothes and our women and children to go without anything to eat." The Friends soon after sent a memorial to Congress, and a good anti-liquor law was passed.

The next year a letter came to Baltimore Friends from the Indians dated at "Little Turtle's Town," and signed by Little Turtle and Five Medals. Here is a part of the letter:—

"Brothers, we will try to use the articles you have







**GERARD T. HOPKINS.**

**A member of Baltimore Yearly Meeting, who was actively engaged in  
work for the western Indians**

*To face p 129*

sent us, and if we should want more we will let you know.

“Brothers, we are sorry to say that the minds of our people are not as much inclined toward the cultivation of the land as we could wish them.

“Brothers, we hope the Great Spirit will permit some of you to come and see us, when you will be able to know whether you can do anything for us or not.”

The meeting appointed a committee in response to this request, and in the spring of 1804 Gerard T. Hopkins and George Ellicott started for Fort Wayne, Indiana. Philip Dennis went with them to teach the Indians farming. They saw no signs of Indians for a month, and then found only their deserted camps. One evening they heard a whoop which they answered, and five Indians appeared on horseback. They were kindly received at Fort Wayne after presenting their letter of introduction to Captain Whipple. Little Turtle and Five Medals were sent for, and came in a few days. The Indians gave a lengthy account of their health, and the Friends a shorter account of theirs, and they settled down to a conference. There was so much form and such elaborate politeness that it took a long time for the Friends to say that they wanted to see the old men, the young men, the women and the children. And would it be convenient to have a meeting of the whole tribe? and when? and where? It also took a long time for the chiefs to say that the young men were hunt-

ing and the women making maple sugar; and they hoped the Friends would not be in a hurry, but wait for the young men and the women to finish their tasks. The Friends replied politely and at length, that their wives and children, whom they had left at home, had requested them to hurry back. Five Medals remarked that they could easily collect a number of indolent people who were too lazy to hunt or make sugar, but they did not want the Friends to see these. They decided to meet eight days later at Fort Wayne, and Little Turtle asked that what they had to say might be on paper. Gerard Hopkins and George Ellicott spent the eight days as they had spent several that had preceded them in simply waiting.

The Indians arrived promptly, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the tenth of Fourth Month the council was seated with much ceremony. The women were in the centre, the men sat in order of rank, and the Friends sat facing the Indians on the opposite side of the room. A lengthy address, written by the Friends, was read, setting forth the superior merits of civilized life; of having good houses, of cultivating land, of raising cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep, of letting the men do the heavy work and the women the light work. They also said that their friend, Philip Dennis, had left a farm, a wife and five small children at home to come to Fort Wayne and show the Indians how to farm. When the address was finished the Indians arose, solemnly shook hands with the Friends and returned to their seats. Little Turtle replied for the Indians in a speech as elaborate and

~~polite~~ as the address of the Friends. Then the council closed, they shook hands all around and the Friends returned to the hotel.

They then set out to see Philip Dennis settled on his farm, thirty-two miles southwest of Fort Wayne, on the Wabash. That night they had roast wild turkey for supper; they wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down before the fire to sleep. In the night the otters were noisy along the river; the deer approached the fire and made a whistling noise; the wolves howled; and at dawn the turkeys gobbled in all directions.

The Friends returned by way of the Great Lakes, canoeing down the Maumee River and taking a vessel at Detroit. They stopped at Niagara to visit the Seneca Indians; saw Red Jacket and several other famous chiefs, and were pleased with the progress these Indians had made in farming. They traveled eastward along the Mohawk, down the Hudson to New York, and through Philadelphia by stage to Baltimore, having been absent three months and four days, and traveled about two thousand miles. Philip Dennis remained a year, but the Indians displayed no desire to labor or learn. They sat on the fence or in the trees, watched Philip Dennis plough and hoe, but made no effort to help. He found the land fertile and raised good crops, which he left for the good of the Indians.

In 1807 several chiefs spent two days at Ellicott's Mills in Maryland, on their return from a business trip to Washington. George Ellicott invited them to

dinner, eight chiefs and the wives of two of them. All accepted but Marpau and his wife, who had rejected all offers of friendship during the whole trip. Little Turtle was the first to enter the parlor, and he bowed gracefully and made a polite speech. The Raven was in full Indian dress, and wore a grizzly bear skin, with the teeth and claws attached, flung over his shoulder. His tobacco pouch was made of the entire skin of a beaver, and hung, with his tomahawk and scalping-knife, from an embroidered belt. His face was painted black and vermilion; his hair hung to its full length behind and was powdered with red, and he wore a small coronet of eagle feathers. His wife's clothes were of civilized manufacture, made in Indian style. The rest of the party were dressed in citizen's clothes—blue cloth coats with gilt buttons, blue pantaloons, and buff waistcoats; but they wore leggings and moccasins, and large gold rings in their ears. They enjoyed the dinner greatly, especially the hominy, and the visit ended very agreeably.

The school established by Baltimore Yearly Meeting on the Wabash lasted several years, and when its work was interrupted, Friends left the Wabash and turned their attention to another tribe between the Ohio River and Lake Erie. A few years later a school for Indians was opened by Ohio Yearly Meeting, and kept up until the Indians decided to move beyond the Mississippi. Some good had undoubtedly been done. One government official among the Indians wrote of the Friends: "When Friends first-

came among the Indians the women had to perform nearly all the labor, but the case is now altered; the men are not ashamed, but proud, to be seen at work."

In 1842 New England and New York Yearly Meetings sent John D. Long and Samuel Taylor, Jr., to visit those Indians who had been driven to the far west from the Atlantic coast. They visited twenty tribes living in Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, and adjacent States. Some of these were civilized, educated, and christianized, and some were almost barbarous. Everywhere they found that the whiskey curse was keeping the Indians down. John Long and Samuel Taylor held meetings and preached to many of them. Among the Delawares they found a number of war chiefs who refused to attend the meetings, because they had at another time heard some remarks that they did not like. The Friends, however, did not think it right to leave without seeing them, so a meeting was appointed at one of their homes, and to this about fifteen came. These fierce looking warriors had made threats against the first white man who should name these subjects to them; but they treated the Friends with mildness, politeness, and affection. When John Long and Samuel Taylor had finished their service, and had reported to their respective Yearly Meetings, those meetings sent a memorial to Congress asking for better laws for the Indians.

There is a picturesqueness which these Indian and Quaker councils afford which is furnished by almost no other element in our civilization. It is well that record of it be preserved. But the peculiar work

done by William Savery, Gerard T. Hopkins, John Long, and the scores of other Friends who labored during the latter part of the eighteenth century, cannot be repeated. Conditions have almost entirely changed. The Indian problems offered for solution to the men of the nineteenth century were of a different order. It is to a consideration of these that we must devote our concluding remarks.

During the time that overlaps the periods represented respectively by William Savery and Thomas Wistar, large sums of money were contributed by Friends in America, with considerable additions from English Friends, to inaugurate practical education and religious teaching amongst some of the tribes, and continuous care as to their general welfare was not neglected. During the early and middle part of last century, committees of Friends often had interviews with the President of the United States and with representatives of the Department of the Interior at Washington. This naturally led to the appointment of Friends from time to time to government positions of trust in the Indian Bureau. Thus, during the administration of Zachary Taylor, Thomas Wistar was a government commissioner to the Indians. Among the various duties devolving upon him, an interesting one was that of the distribution in small sums of \$30,000 in gold coin, which was handed him by the United States Sub-Treasurer in New York City, and had to be carried by him all the way to the Indians in the region of Green Bay. Thomas Wistar's sense of justice and fair dealing, united with his genuine

love for the Indian, which was of a degree that few white men have ever shown, was quickly recognized by them. So thoroughly did they trust and love him, that his coming among them was the signal for unusual demonstrations of joy. The message was passed from one to another that "the man with a tear in his eye" was coming, and a welcome which a king might covet always awaited him.

Thomas Wistar's service in the Indians' behalf had been active from his early youth, but special interest attaches to an important part he played in 1869 and the few years immediately following. His home was near Fox Chase, a small village a few miles north of Philadelphia; when not absent either at Washington city or on a visit to the Indians in the west, he might be found here superintending the affairs of his farm, or busy within doors with his large correspondence. It is said that he had some personal acquaintance with all the men in the United States who were actively engaged in Indian work during the half century that he himself was identified with it. He was well known in Washington in the halls of legislation, and few measures concerning the Indians came before either body there without passing his careful scrutiny. Letter after letter in his voluminous and most interesting correspondence contains allusions to his recent return from a visit to Washington.

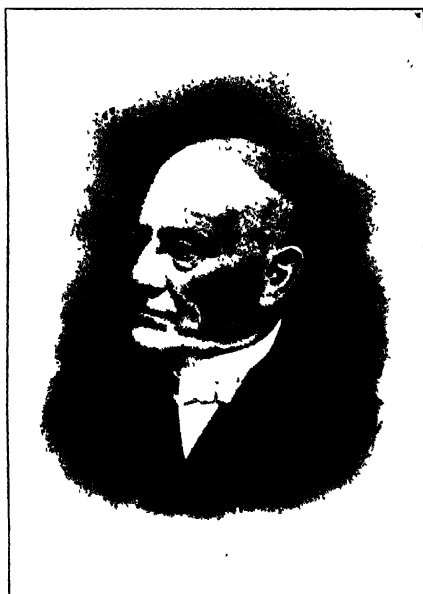
Early in the year 1869, a large committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting prepared an address to be submitted to the United States Congress. Thomas



Wistar and others had for some time urged this upon the notice of their friends, and now finally the feeling was so strong that it was done in entire unity. The forlorn and suffering condition of the Indians in various parts of our country west of the Mississippi was known to Thomas Wistar and some others through personal visits they had made to them. The paper prepared by this committee was a vigorous appeal for justice, and was so suggestive of practical measures that it found a willing hearing. On the twenty-sixth of First Month, four Friends went to Washington, carrying copies of the memorial, and were successful in placing it before the individual members of both Houses, and in the interesting and historic interview with President-elect Ulysses S. Grant, they handed a copy to him also.

Thomas Wistar was spokesman of this committee of four. He was well known at the Interior Department and to members of Congress, and allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved. Great results have followed the plan which these Friends were helpful in inaugurating. In his first message to Congress Grant said: "I have attempted a new policy towards these wards of the nation with fair results, so far as tried, which I hope will be attended ultimately with great success. The Society of Friends is well known as having succeeded in living in peace with the Indians in the early settlement of Pennsylvania, while their white neighbors of other sects, in other sections, were constantly embroiled. They were also known for their opposition to all strife, violence,





THOMAS WISTAR,  
Of Abington, near Philadelphia

*To face p 137*

and war. . . . These considerations induced me to give the management of a few reservations of Indians to them, and to throw the selection of agents upon the Society itself."

From the first Thomas Wistar was active in the new arrangement, and continued to give to the cause his best efforts until the close of his life. Other Friends who were actively associated with him in 1871 were Lawrie Tatum, of Iowa; George Howland, of Rhode Island; John Butler, of Ohio; Dr William Nicholson, of Indiana; Charles F. Coffin, of Illinois; Albert K. Smiley, of New York; Francis T. King, of Baltimore; and Enoch Hoag, of Kansas. Of the Friends of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, special prominence should be given to Ebenezer Worth, Joseph Scattergood, Dr. James E. Rhoads, Joseph S. Elkinton, and Philip C. Garrett.

The burden carried by these Friends and those associated with them was great. Their attitude toward the work is admirably stated in a minute adopted by the Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs in 1871: "No good work is ever wholly lost. Some of this people have already been blessed with the knowledge of salvation. War has been prevented, and we think some permanent influence of our labors may be expected to remain, even under such a change as would exclude us from the field. The results of true missionary labor often survive changes in government. But whatever may be the result to the Indian, our own blessing will be sure. We are to act well in the present. We are to enter

the vineyard to-day and labor, though frost may come on the morrow and blight our prospects. We are to plant and to water, expecting a blessing to ourselves and to the objects of our concern in just that measure which God sees meet to bestow. He giveth the increase. Can we safely stand idle? Can we truthfully say we have not been divinely called unto this service? Does it not seem that a door has been opened for us to do our part as a Church in bringing about a fulfillment of His fore-spoken declaration, 'I will give thee the heathen for thy inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for thy possession;' and if we depart from the work shall we not be responsible to Him for all the darkness and heathen ignorance which it is in our power to prevent?"

The work of the Associated Committee inaugurated in Grant's administration is still in active operation. Ten stations are now (1909) under their special supervision. Various Yearly Meetings have the management of individual schools for the training of Indian children. In Alaska remarkable results have followed the pacific measures instituted there by Friends. Through these and other channels, Friends in the twentieth century still manifest that same spirit of brotherly kindness that was so conspicuously shown forth during the early days of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The Indian problem is still an unsolved problem. The liquor curse, introduced by the whites, and survivals of heathen customs are only two of the evils that must be overcome. The way of the Indians'

advancement is hard and rough, and oftentimes difficult to travel, but statistics should encourage all who have their welfare at heart. In 1908 there were 327 tribes scattered over the States and territories west of Ohio, and about 245,000 inhabitants of our country classed as Indians. Between 30,000 and 35,000 of these are claimed as members of some religious organization, and there are about 350 houses used by them as places for Christian worship. Comparatively few Indians have joined the Society of Friends, but the influence which Friends have exerted upon them is vastly out of proportion to the enrollment they can show of additions to their membership.

A recent address given before the Associated Executive Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs, after reviewing the history of their thirty-five years of effort, closes thus: "May we not ask for a few more years, while yet the native American is becoming obsolete, and is being terribly tried and degraded in the process by the greed of the unchristian white man; may we not ask that Friends shall still stand true to the history of two and a quarter centuries of the Indian and the Quaker, and continue to help him with the simple Gospel message of the Lord Jesus Christ through the aid of the Holy Spirit?"



**SAMUEL EMLÉN**

**(1730–1799)**



*“Oh how precious a thing it is, to feel the Spirit itself bearing witness with our spirits that we are His.”*

## SAMUEL EMLLEN.

A seer is one who sees the unseen, who is gifted by our Heavenly Father with an ability to know the future and to divine the thoughts and feelings of others. Many good people from the time of the ancient prophets to this day have been thus gifted. The records of early Friends teem with instances of this divine insight, this gift of prophecy which has shown its possessors things invisible and has led them safely in ways they knew not.

Some of these Friends lived at the same time as Samuel Emlen, and we can but realize how great must have been this gift to him that he should have been called *the Seer* of his day; for by this title he was known both among Friends and others.

In personal appearance he was far from our conception of a seer or prophet of the Lord. Though he must have carried in his face, as do all really good people, that which attested his high calling, he was by no means a handsome man, nor was his personal presence commanding or impressive. He was short of stature, of slight build, and during most of his life of feeble health; his eyesight was always so defective that he could with difficulty recognize his friends. He always dressed neatly in drab; when wearing an

overcoat, which was generally of a dark mixed material, he kept it closely folded over his breast by his left arm. Walking thus, his slight gray-clad figure was for many years a familiar one to the citizens of Philadelphia.

Samuel Emlen was born in that city, fifteenth of First Month, 1730, the only child of Joshua Emlen and his wife Deborah Powel. He was a natural boy, we may be sure, full of fun and youthful sport; yielding at times to the sins and temptations of childhood, but also anxious for forgiveness and for strength to resist the tempter. He early learned to conquer self and to love his Heavenly Father, whose mercy preserved him from gross evil, and taught him the sweetness of silent communion with Him. A bright, intelligent boy, he was very fond of study and received a good education; he was especially apt in languages, mastering Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, as well as several modern tongues. This knowledge was very useful to him in his ministry in after years when he traveled much; he made frequent use of his French and German, and at one time addressed a learned audience in Latin.

During one of his visits to England, a young girl in his company found great amusement, deriding his small person and peculiar dress; no doubt he was a strange-looking object to her, and she ridiculed him, speaking to those around her in French, which language she supposed so insignificant a man could not understand. She concluded by saying: "I wonder if it can talk!" Samuel turned and looked at her;

"Yes," he said, "Yes, *it* can talk a little Latin, a little Greek, a little Hebrew, a little Spanish, a little German. Which of these wouldst thou like to converse in?" The thoughtless girl was rightly humiliated and lapsed into a shamed silence.

A similar anecdote, which we quote from a reliable source, is told of him as follows:—

"A century ago there lived in Philadelphia a remarkable man named Samuel Emlen, a great preacher among the Friends. He had a strikingly ugly face, and was very near-sighted, but highly educated and very wealthy. One day, while walking along the street, he met three young students just coming from the University of Pennsylvania. He was such a patriarchal figure that, as they approached, one said in Latin, so that if overheard he might not be understood: "*Pater Abraham venit.*" Said another in French: "*Je crois que non, Voilà le père Isaac qui s'approche*"; and the third student added in German: "*Ach nein! es scheint mir der Herr Vater Jacob kommt.*" Friend Emlen understood, and replied: "I am neither Abraham, nor Isaac, nor Jacob, but I am like Saul, the son of Kish, sent out to find his father's asses, and lo! here are three of them." He said this good-humoredly and smilingly, and the unexpected learning and the apt jest pleased the young men so much that they entered into conversation with him, which ended with his preaching a little sermon to them urging them to find in religion the comfort and joy he experienced."

After leaving school we find that our friend was busily engaged in the counting-house of James Pemberton, a merchant of Philadelphia, where he remained for some time a keen student of practical affairs; but never in after life engaged in any business for himself. He inherited large estates from his father and grandfather, and being always in delicate health, thought it right no doubt to devote his strength and time wholly to labor for others. Visits to the sick and his many meeting duties engaged him largely; also he felt called by his Heavenly Father to travel much among those of his own religious profession. He was only twenty-six when he paid his first visit to Europe, sailing with some Friends in a vessel for Ireland. It was while on this visit that Samuel Emlen first spoke in a Friends meeting as a Gospel minister; he stayed two years at this time, returning to America in 1758. He visited England six times after this, staying on one occasion as long as two years.

Samuel Emlen married Elizabeth Moode, and they had two sons, William and Samuel, who were born in Bristol, England. Later, his wife died, and he married a second wife, Sarah Mott; they had two daughters, Elizabeth and Deborah. A devoted husband and father, Samuel Emlen delighted greatly in his children, and was deeply anxious for their truest happiness; their love for each other drew parents and children very close together, and very peaceful and glad were the quiet days spent by them in their beautiful and comfortable home in Philadelphia.





#### GEORGE AND SARAH DILLWYN

George Dillwyn (1738-1830) was a contemporary of Samuel Emlen. In 1759 he married Sarah Hill, of Philadelphia. Their home, when not absent on religious service, was at Burlington, N. J. In 1784 he left his Burlington home for what proved to be a religious visit of almost eighteen years. He visited Friends throughout England many times, and traveled in Ireland, France, Holland, etc. It is related of his wife that when the Meeting was about granting him a minute for this service, she asked their advice whether she had better accompany him or tarry at home, saying quaintly, "I am resigned to go or to stay, but I believe I am most resigned to go." She was with her husband throughout his long visit.

*To face p. 147.*

When we consider how many of his days were spent away from this happy home life, also that he was always a man of feeble health, and that travel was not in those days the luxurious ease that our Pullman cars and automobiles make it to-day; that no steamships with comfortable state-rooms crossed the Atlantic in a few days, but only plain sailing vessels with meagre accommodations made the trips, wind and weather being favorable, in not less than a month; when we consider all these things, we can better realize the devotion of this man, who was willing to give up all, ease and quiet and bodily comfort, and the society of his loved ones, to carry, although in great weakness and difficulty, his Master's message even to the ends of the earth.

George Dillwyn was a frequent companion of Samuel Emlén on his travels, they being led often to the same meetings both in England and America, where they were frequently united in speaking much the same message. At one time while they were sitting side by side in a meeting in London, George Dillwyn became deeply troubled; he felt strongly that he should travel to some distant country, but to what one was not made clear to him. While he yet pondered the matter and asked for guidance, Samuel Emlén said to him, as if answering his spoken question: "Thou must go with me to Holland." Thus these two servants of the one Master knew that they had both been led by Him, and went on their way cheered and comforted by this fresh proof that He would be indeed "a light unto their feet."



At another time, in the spring of the year 1784, Samuel Emlen, George Dillwyn, and three other Friends were preparing to leave America for England on a religious visit; they were considering in what ship they should sail and had about decided on a fine new vessel, which they hoped would make a quick voyage and enable them to reach London in time to attend the Yearly Meeting in the latter part of Fifth Month. Before engaging their passage they all went on board and sat down; almost instantly Samuel Emlen told them he felt clearly that this was not the vessel for them. They then went to the ship *Commerce*, commanded by Captain Truxton; immediately Samuel Emlen said he felt easy to sail in this ship and they engaged their passage. This Captain Truxton knew something of Friends, for he said at once that there could be no card-playing on board this trip; and taking a pack of cards, he threw them into the hold, saying they should "lie there in death and darkness." The ship *Commerce* sailed the latter part of Fourth Month, and after an interesting passage reached England just in time for the Yearly Meeting. The other vessel, though supposedly a better sailer, and leaving about the same time, arrived much later.

Samuel Emlen's life, though so largely devoted to foreign travel, was not entirely spent thus. He was a familiar presence on the streets of Philadelphia; a small drab-colored figure, walking with quick though feeble steps, his weak eyes looking straight before him, his thoughts often seemingly turned inward, as if

alert to know if any word was to be sent to any one by him; he would often walk slowly, stop, then suddenly turn into a doorway; here he would leave a message of love or warning to the unknown dweller, and then go on his way again.

At one time there was a young woman who felt that she ought to be more Friendly in her dress and language, and had come into great distress of mind on this account; there was to be a large party at her home, and she felt that she ought then to show her obedience to what she believed to be right. Realizing how very hard the sacrifice would be, and praying for strength, she went one morning into the parlor where the shutters were still closed and sat down. Just at this time Samuel Emlen was passing along the street; feeling drawn to the house he stepped into the hall, went along the passage till he came to the door of the darkened parlor, and opening it said: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Closing the door he went on his way, leaving behind him, however, the word which, by our Father's aid, enabled the poor girl who sat alone within the room to be strong and to do the duty required of her. It is probable that Samuel Emlen could not see to whom he spoke nor that he spoke to any one; he trusted alone to that inward vision which so often guided him better than the outward sight of others.

At another time a young man, an Elder in his Meeting, accompanied an aged Friend on a visit to Samuel Emlen; after talking for some time, they fell

into silence, and Samuel soon began to speak particularly to a young person present. The youthful elder, knowing that the sermon did not fit any one in the room, became greatly distressed ; he feared that for once the gifted minister had made a mistake. Becoming more uneasy, he at last could sit still no longer ; rising he approached the half-open door to leave the room ; there, close behind the door, he saw a young man weeping 'bitterly. Feeling that his faith should have been greater, the elder took his seat again ; he knew that the minister was right and that the Word of God was not returning unto Him void, but was accomplishing the thing whereto He sent it.

Samuel Emlen was a man of great gentleness and kindness ; his ministry was singularly loving and pleading, except when he found a wrong which needed rebuking ; at such times he could be very brief and stern. One day as he sat by himself in the counting-house of a friend, he became aware that a young man was approaching, but not seeing him distinctly, and perhaps thinking him an acquaintance, he said : " Who art thou of lofty stature ? " No sooner had he uttered the words than he perceived that the young man was a stranger to him, and also that his heart was far from right toward God ; without waiting for an answer he continued : " An empty vine, thou bringest forth fruit unto thyself," and added a few short sentences of rebuke. The young man's character had been clearly portrayed by Samuel Emlen, but the appeal was in vain ; he passed from

a selfish, idle youth into an old age of drunkenness and misery.

There is a story told of a young man, a Friend, who had heard of this power of Samuel Emlen to see into the hearts of others, and who feared greatly to meet him. At one time he attended Key's Alley Meeting in Philadelphia with his father; this was Samuel Emlen's Meeting. The young man took his seat as far from the gallery as possible in the hope that he might escape the minister's eye. The meeting passed without the public rebuke he was fearing, and he was feeling greatly relieved when he heard his father accept an invitation to dine at William Savery's, and almost immediately Samuel Emlen said, "I will go along." Dinner passed pleasantly, and they entered the parlor. The young man took a seat in a corner as far as possible from the minister he so dreaded; all was in vain, for Samuel Emlen, after a short silence, began speaking to him personally, exposing and rebuking all the faults and follies that the poor man had so wanted to keep hidden. The narrator further recorded that the youth was warned by this and was enabled to seek forgiveness for his sins and to strive anew after the godly life which need have no fear of reproof from man.

Much the same experience is related of William Lewis, of Bristol, England. He was not a Friend, but became convinced of Friends' principles, except that he was unwilling to yield to that simplicity of speech and behavior which he felt was right. While debating this matter within himself he joined a com-

pany where Samuel Emlen was. The minister spoke most forcibly of the sin of withholding obedience to our Heavenly Father when He calls us, referring to the tithes and offerings the Israelites were required to give unto God. He spoke thus particularly to some one person ; afterward he inquired who William Lewis was. Meeting him, he said : " Well, William, bring ALL the tithes into the storehouse." William Lewis obeyed, and afterward become a worthy minister in the Society of Friends.

It requires faith thus to speak the message in darkness, and yet how blest to many has been the Word in season thus fitly spoken !

At one time when Samuel Emlen was visiting his son Samuel in Burlington, New Jersey, he was seated at a window overlooking a tavern yard ; many people were entering, but the minister could not see them distinctly ; nevertheless, raising his voice, he said : " I have a message to thee, O Captain ! " One of the men in the yard was a sea captain ; he gazed in startled amazement at Samuel Emlen, who continued calmly : " I have a message from God to thee, O Captain ! " and spoke to the man so earnestly and lovingly that with our Father's help he was led to repent of his sins and to lead a better life.

Not only in his ministry was Samuel Emlen thus loving and tender ; we find him so in every place in life ; he was especially sympathetic in sorrow and trouble, visiting the sick and leading the bereft and lonely to the one Great Comforter. Though so feeble, he was always cheerful and pleasant, in conversation

bright and entertaining, full of anecdotes for young people, and of a loving interest in them, which universally drew them to him.

Many were the quiet days he spent surrounded by his family and friends, but he lived through troublous times as well. The dark days of the Revolution were anxious ones to the peace-loving Friends; Samuel Emlen with many others had to bear his share of persecution and suspicion. All Friends, because they would not take up arms against the British, were suspected of being Tories, and were looked upon with great hostility by the colonists. The following is from the Colonial Records, the context shows that the Friends were under discussion:—

“Philadelphia, Sunday, August 31, 1777. The Council met, and whereas it is necessary for the Public safety at this time when a British army is landed in Maryland with a professed design of enslaving this free country, and is now advancing upon this city as a principal object of hostility, that such dangerous persons should be accordingly secured; *therefore Resolved*, That a suitable number of the friends of the public cause be authorized forthwith to seize and secure the Persons of the said Joshua Fisher, Samuel Emlen,” and others, there being about forty Friends in all named. Many members of the Society, though not actually seized, were thus held as “dangerous persons,” “friends of the Public Cause” acting as guards or detectives on all their actions. We have no record, however, that Samuel Emlen was ever actually imprisoned during the war.

In the year 1799 his bodily strength, slight at all times, became gradually weaker, and in the Eleventh Month of that year he became quite ill. He attended meeting at Key's Alley on the fifteenth of Twelfth Month, where he spoke for some time; at the close of his sermon he felt himself taken suddenly very ill, and leaning against the gallery rail, repeated these lines of Addison:—

“My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be,  
And death, if death should be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to Thee.”

He attended meeting twice after this, but became seriously ill, and after a beautiful though suffering period of sickness, on the thirtieth of Twelfth Month, 1799, he fell quietly asleep with the words, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!”

Samuel Emlen was a man eminently gifted by nature, a man of culture and travel, of wide interests and deep insight, ever faithful, zealous, and devoted to his Master's service, ready always to speak the word for Him. Like Sarah Cresson, he felt that it was not right to enter any company without first inquiring if his Master had any work for him there. He was a very humble man, very gentle and sympathetic, though stern and unflinching in rebuking wrong; a man whose prophetic power, whose spiritual insight, never failing through a long life of nearly seventy years, have well entitled him to be called the seer of his day.

It is interesting to gain from the pen of one living at that time a brief account of this gifted man. The sketch tells little that is new, but it was written on the day of his death by a relative who knew him well. From the Memorandum Book of Caleb Cresson :—

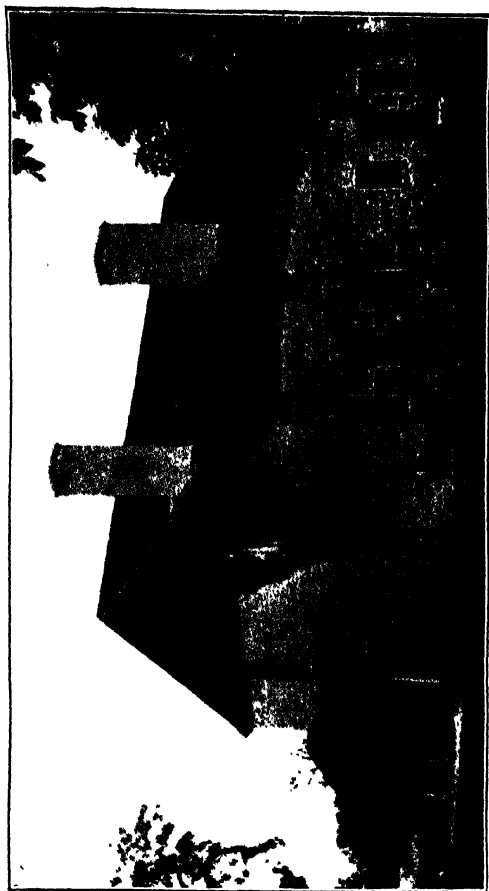
“12th Mo., 30th, 1799. This day about four in the morning departed this life my kinsman Samuel Emlen, in the seventieth year of his age. He was the only child of my mother’s brother, Joshua Emlen and his wife Deborah Powel. Of the deceased it may be said that through a long life he was highly favored of his Great Lord, being blessed abundantly with the dew of Heaven and the fatness of the earth. A large portion of earthly possessions came into his hands in early life from his grandfather, and when further advanced a great estate from his father; in addition to these outward advantages, he had a large gift in the Gospel ministry conferred upon him, which during the space of forty years and upwards he exercised with great acceptance among the people, to the comfort and edification of many. He was eminently qualified to dispense the Word both in public and mixed audiences as well as in more private opportunities, in families and about sick-beds, where the Spring of Living Ministry through him was often unsealed to the profit of many.

“He was of a remarkably open and communicative disposition, and being a man of learning, travel, and observation, he was furnished to make himself beloved and esteemed in general, both within and



without the pale of our religious community. He visited England six times, also Ireland and Holland, likewise Barbados and the Continent extensively, so that his labors in his ministerial vocation were abundant. Having drawn on the thread of life far beyond what might have been expected, considering the natural weakness of his bodily frame, he has come to a peaceful close. The lamp of life continued till the eye visibly failed, when his close was solemn and sweet, with the ejaculation : ‘ Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ! ’ May our end be like his ! ”





HOPWELL MEETING HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

*To face p. 157*

# **EXILES 'OF VIRGINIA**

**AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION**

*“The liberty enjoyed by the people of these States of worshipping Almighty God agreeably to their consciences, is not only among the choicest of their blessings, but also of their rights. While men perform their social duties faithfully, they do all that society or the State can with propriety expect or demand, and remain responsible only to their Maker for the religion or mode of faith which they may prefer or profess.*

*“Your principles and conduct are well known to me, and it is doing the people called Quakers no more than justice to say that (except their declining to share with others the burthens of common defence) there is no denomination among us who are more exemplary and useful citizens. I assure you very especially that, in my opinion, the conscientious scruples of all men should be treated with great delicacy and tenderness; and it is my wish and desire that the laws may always be as extensively accommodated to them as a due regard to the protection and essential interest of the nation may justify and permit.”*

From a letter of President George Washington some years after the close of the Revolutionary war. The original of this letter is at the Friends' Library, Philadelphia.

## EXILES OF VIRGINIA.

One hundred years ago there was living in a large house on Front Street above Race, Philadelphia, an interesting Friend named Elizabeth or Eliza Drinker. She is of interest to the present generation because for nearly fifty years she kept an entertaining journal. It is not a typical Friend's journal; she does not even use the numerical names of the months; it is not introspective and religious; it is circumstantial and abounds in touches of human nature; it is domestic; it is somewhat literary; and it depicts one moving in the "first families" of Philadelphia: the Whartons, the Logans, the Morrises, the Howells, the Pembertons. "Becky" Jones, who lived in Drinker's Alley, Nicholas Waln, George Dillwyn, Thomas Scattergood, Samuel Emlen, and William Savery are prominent Friends who crossed the threshold of her house. Aaron Burr called, with his brilliant daughter; Timothy Pickering, Secretary of State in 1796, took tea with her; Dolly Madison appears to have been personally known to the writer.

If it were the purpose of this paper to review the Journal, one could tell of Elizabeth Drinker's motherly interest in her five children, from Sally, who was "her father's own child," down to sweet little Molly, who, however, disregarded her father's "No," and

married "Sammy" Rhoads; of her troubles with her servants, "the want of such (as are good) is at present a general complaint," she says; of her spacious garden with its fruit trees, snowball bushes, and early flowering bulbs; of the Monthly Meeting for the Northern District, where five couples passed in marriage in one day; of "sister and Hannah" attending Frankford week-day meeting, which consisted of two persons besides themselves; of the scourge of yellow fever that so often afflicted the city, and of the medical treatment endured; of the opening of Westtown School—"had I a dozen daughters and health to attend to them, not one should go there, or any where else from me"; of the building of Arch Street Meeting House; of reading "*The Morals of Confucius*," "*Pilgrim's Progress*" for the third time, Mary Wolstonecraft's "*Rights of Women*," with which she felt much, but not entire, sympathy, and, lastly, Parnell's "*Hermit*"—"we used to read it at Anthony Benezet's school, standing in a row, four lines at a time." One could tell, too, of their mahogany table, walnut chairs, and "kitchen end-irons" being seized and sold to pay militia tax; and windows broken because the Drinkers refused to illuminate in honor of a victory for the American arms.

Though it is a temptation to linger over its lively pages, the purpose in bringing this Journal to view is only to form a setting for a historical event in which Elizabeth Drinker's husband, Henry Drinker, was a character of importance. She says of him: "I am not acquainted with the extent of my husband's

great variety of engagements, but this I know, that he is perpetually and almost ever employed. The affairs of society and the public and private concerns I believe take up ten-twelfths of his time. If benevolence and beneficence will take a man to Heaven, . . . H. D. stands as good, indeed a better, chance than any I know of."

Henry Drinker was a well-to-do merchant, a member of the firm of James & Drinker. To this firm was consigned the Philadelphia share of the tea that made such a flurry in various American cities, notably Boston, previous to the Revolution. He was clerk of North Meeting, active in the affairs of society, as his wife intimates, and evidently a shining mark in the eyes of the suspicious civil authorities. For, says his wife, on the morning of fourth of Ninth Month, 1777, three men called, "and took my Henry to the Masons' Lodge, in an illegal, unprecedented manner, where are several other Friends with some of other persuasions made prisoners." Israel Pemberton, John Hunt, James Pemberton, John Pemberton, Henry Drinker and some fifteen others made up this company.

That was the way Elizabeth Drinker looked upon the proceeding. Now let us see it through the eyes of the Congress of 1777, for they too kept a journal, though very different from Eliza Drinker's. In doing so it is well for us to remember that in the opposition Friends felt to war, the war for American Independence was no exception. But the position of Friends was not understood by the Continental



Congress then in session in Philadelphia. Congress thought Friends favored the English side, and its members were therefore ready to use any excuse for bringing some of the more prominent members of the Society into custody. Under date of "August 28, 1777," occurs an entry in the Journal as follows: "The conduct and conversation of a number of persons of considerable wealth, who profess themselves to belong to the society of people commonly called Quakers, render it certain and notorious that these persons are, with much rancor and bitterness, disaffected to the American cause; that as these persons will have it in their power, so there is no doubt it will be their inclination, to communicate intelligence to the enemy and in various ways to injure the counsels and arms of America.

"*Resolved*, That it be earnestly recommended to the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania, forthwith to apprehend and secure the persons of . . . James Pemberton, Henry Drinker, Israel Pemberton, John Pemberton, Samuel Pleasants [and others; and] that the records and papers of the Meeting for Sufferings in the respective States be forthwith secured and carefully examined."

Congress claimed that few of the Friends were willing to make the promises which they demanded of them, and so under date of "Sept. 3, 1777," we find the conclusion:—

"It was resolved that Staunton, Virginia, was 'the most proper place for the residence and security of these said Quakers.'"

It may be well to look in a little more detail at the circumstances which led to this extraordinary arrest of a group of men of such high Christian character, and of such value as citizen.

In this same year, the year 1777, about two weeks before the Battle of Brandywine, while Congress was sitting in Philadelphia, disturbed by forebodings, suspicions, and conflicting accounts, as well as by the dismal failure of American arms and of financial measures, a letter was received by that body from General Sullivan dated from near Newark, N. J., and accompanied by a paper said to have fallen into the hands of American troops at Staten Island. This paper made statements in regard to the location of the American troops and the landing of the British at the head of Chesapeake Bay; it was dated "19 Aug., 1777," and was signed "Spanktown Yearly Meeting."

To us of the present day the paper appears a farce, for the internal evidence is clear and strong that Friends had nothing to do with it. In the first place, "Spanktown" was but a nickname given to a poor part of Rahway, N. J., at which city Friends never held a Yearly Meeting. In the second place, the date "August" and the signature "Spanktown Yearly Meeting," instantly prove it spurious, for our meeting documents are always signed by the clerks of these meetings. In the third place, "19 August" was some days previous to the landing of the British at Elk Head, Md., and Spanktown Yearly Meeting, unless there were prophets in it, could not

have told what happened later. Nevertheless, since the Meeting for Sufferings of twentieth of Twelfth Month, 1776, had issued an epistle to Friends not "to join with or promote any work or preparation for war," signed by John Pemberton, clerk, and since Friends, except the so-called "Free Quakers," in their conduct generally had not taken part in the active resistance urged by the Whig community of Philadelphia, they were declared, in the language of the old Journals of Congress, "highly inimical to the cause of America"; and so credit was given to this paper said to have been issued by "Spanktown Yearly Meeting." The Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania was therefore ordered to make an investigation and arrest such persons as were "notoriously disaffected."—

Prominent among the Philadelphia Friends of that time were the Pemberton brothers, Israel, James, and John. If wealth, if benevolence, if intellectual power, if valuable service to the State, if piety, if ancestors conspicuous for their virtue and ability, entitle a family to respect and good treatment, then assuredly the Pemberton brothers deserved kindness and honor from their fellow-citizens. To quote from *"The Quakers in the Revolution"*: "The Pemberton brothers had a commanding influence in the years preceding the Revolution. They were much esteemed and trusted in public affairs. . . . Israel was an Assemblyman, and a leader in supporting the peace principles of his sect against the efforts of the governors. . . . He was at the head of the Friendly





JAMES PEMBERTON (1723-1809).

*To face p. 165*

Association, whose object was to preserve peace with the Indians, and he took a prominent part in all conferences and treaties. He was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Hospital. . . . James, not less prominent in the Church, was far more of a politician, and his letters betray the continual desire of an active and aggressive mind to take part in the politics of the day, for which he was eminently fitted. He went into the Assembly when but thirty years old." John Pemberton, the youngest of the three, was a man of different mould. He was a minister of the Gospel for many years, harmless and inoffensive in every way. It was when on religious service in distant Pymont, Germany, that the summons came to this meek and quiet, humble and diffident man to quit a life of much fearfulness and deep provings, yet also of deep devotion.

This was the man whose house, like Henry Drinker's, was entered early in Ninth Month, 1777, by three persons, as he tells us in his Journal, and he was taken prisoner. "I inquired," he says, "for what? and demanded their authority. One of them pulled a packet out of his pocket and read a few lines of a long writing, the amount of which was that I was suspected of being inimical to the cause of America. I pleaded with them a considerable time on the injustice and oppression of imprisoning a man unless some crime was alleged against him." However, it availed nothing, for they hurried him off to the Freemasons' Lodge.

Then they went back to his house, broke open his

desk, and took out the minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings. Thus was he with his brothers, with Henry Drinker, and some fifteen others put in prison—though not in the common jail—and as the sequel will show, they were punished without a trial.

But these prisoners were too intelligent and knew too much about matters of government to submit to such doings without raising a complaint. They were of the class of men

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“Who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them.”

It is very interesting to note the bold tone these peaceable liberty-lovers assumed when addressing Congress and Council.

“We are advised,” said they, “and from our own knowledge of our rights and privileges as freemen are assured, that your issuing this order” (the one whereby they were arrested) “is arbitrary, unjust, and illegal.” They cited for their support passages from the Declaration of Rights, inserted also in the then newly-made Constitution of Pennsylvania, and which are easily found in our own fundamental law, as follows:

“In all trials a man hath a right to be heard, by himself and his counsel, to demand the cause and nature of his accusation, to be confronted with the witnesses,” etc.

“That the people have the right to hold themselves, their houses, papers and possessions free from search and seizure,” etc., etc.

During the nine days that they were confined in the Lodge they made good use of their time in trying

by dignified, legal efforts to obtain their freedom, with what result we see by an entry made by Elizabeth Drinker.

“Sept. 9. Myself and little Sally went this afternoon to ye Lodge. During my stay there word was brought from ye Council that their banishment was concluded to be upon ye morrow. Ye waggon<sup>s</sup> were preparing to carry them off. I came home in great distress and went back near 10 o'clock at night; found ye prisoners finishing a protest against ye tyrannical conduct of ye present wicked rulers.”

It was not, however, until the eleventh, the day of the Battle of Brandywine, that the twenty prisoners, seventeen of them Friends, leaving the Masons' Lodge, were forced into wagons, driven up Third Street, and out to the Falls of Schuylkill, amidst crowds of grief-stricken, anxious watchers. Some were losing their best and dearest friends, and the town some of its best citizens. Besides, what security now existed for the liberty of others? Was not the American government striving to gain liberty with the sword? And were they not depriving others of that very liberty which they boasted was the right of all?

Leaving Philadelphia, they went to Reading. While pursuing their journey a messenger came up with them bringing writs of habeas corpus from the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, Thomas McKean. This event would seem to insure a fair and speedy trial. Not so; for after the grant of the writs, a bill was hurried through the Legislature of Pennsylvania



suspending the habeas corpus act. Thus, by the operation of this unjust law, the exiles continued their journey across the counties of Berks and Lancaster, and the river Susquehanna, thence to Carlisle and Chambersburg, and finally to Winchester, Virginia. Staunton, the destination ordered by Council, was, for some reason, never reached.

At Winchester, then, in the Shenandoah Valley, so often desolated by Northern and Southern troops in our Civil War, the Friends spent the winter of 1777 and 1778, while Washington's army suffered at Valley Forge, and Howe and his men occupied Philadelphia.

The exiles selected their own boarding-houses, for by order of Council they were to pay their own expenses of arrest, travel and confinement. They were guarded and left free by turns, but at length allowed to traverse at will a region within a six miles' circuit of the town. They received visits from Friends and others, they held their religious meetings, and frequently attended that at Hopewell, which lay within the prescribed bounds. Their gentlemanly and Christian behavior gained them the respect of the Virginians, and altogether they complained of but little bad treatment.

Yet to the loss of home comforts and the anxiety connected with their situation and that of their families, the latter living in a city in the hands of the enemy, may, in part at least, be ascribed the sickness which had laid low in the Hopewell graveyard two of their number. John Hunt, an eminent min-

ister, was one who never saw his northern home again. In the course of his illness an amputation was necessary. Anæsthetics were unknown then, and when the surgeon said to him: "Sir, you have behaved like a hero!" John gently replied: "I have endeavored to bear it like a Christian." It was not lack of courage, then, that kept John Hunt off the battlefield.

Friends in Philadelphia were working for the release of the exiles. The women, Elizabeth Drinker and others, were going from house to house talking up the matter among themselves, and advising with such men as Nicholas Waln and Anthony Benezet. They prepared an appeal to Congress, and proposed to take the paper themselves to Lancaster, whither Congress and Council had adjourned.

On the fifth of Fourth Month, 1778, First-day afternoon, says Elizabeth Drinker: "We took coach at about 2 o'clock, Susanna Jones, Phebe Pemberton, Mary Pleasants, and myself, with 4 horses and 2 negroes, who rode postilion." Israel Morris went along as escort, though for some reason his going was not very acceptable; however, they found him useful. The next day they came to Valley Forge, where Washington's army still encamped. "We requested," says Elizabeth, "an audience with the General, and sat with his wife (a sociable, pretty kind of woman). It was not long before G. Washington came in, and discoursed with us freely, but not so long as we could have wished, as dinner was served, to which he invited us. There were 15 officers, besides the Gen-

eral and his wife, General Greene and General Lee. We had an elegant dinner, which was soon over, and we went with the General's wife up to her chamber, and saw no more of him. He told us he could do nothing for us in our business, further than granting a pass to Lancaster, which he did."

Then the women traveled on westward over the very bad roads, which sometimes impelled Elizabeth and Mary to leave their seats in the carriage, and set them to walking as a safer means of travel. Thus, the former says: "We walked part of the way and climbed three fences to get clear of the mud."

The Journal states: "4th Mo., 7th. We dined at a kind Friend's named Mellon, and left his house about 3 o'clock, and went on through deep ruts and mud to Robert Valentine's, where we drank tea and lodged. Our friends are very kind to us, making fires in our bed-rooms, which is very comfortable, as we are but weakly and ye season rather early for traveling.

"4th Mo., 8th. Left R. Valentine's after breakfast. Jacob Parke escorted us eight or nine miles through ye worst roads we have yet met with to one Thomas Freeman's, where we dined on the usual fare, bacon and eggs.

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"4th Mo., 9th. This day we forded three large waters, the Conestoga, ye last, which came into ye carriage, and frightened more than one of us. It was near 5 o'clock when we came here. As soon as we had dined ourselves, and wiped out ye coach, we set off for Lancaster, one and-a-half miles."

Arriving here they succeeded in getting Congress

to resolve "That the Board of War be directed to deliver over, to the President and Council of Pennsylvania the prisoners sent from that State to Virginia." The four women waited in and around Lancaster till Council, with no haste, was pleased to order the release of their husbands and friends. And the husbands and friends were not slow to accept it, for leaving Winchester, they joined the women on the 24th. The officers who were to bring the men to Lancaster were instructed to leave behind in Winchester those unfit to travel from ill-health, but "those of them who are in health you are to bring with you, treating them on the road with that polite attention and care which is due from men who act from the purest motives to gentlemen whose stations in life entitle them to respect, however they may differ in political sentiments from those in whose power they may be." "Here," says a historian, "was a long-delayed acknowledgment of the honesty and sincerity of the motives of the prisoners, and a practical withdrawal of the charges against them."

Then they moved on toward Philadelphia, each prisoner being furnished with a pass to go unmolested to the city. The Journal of one of the Friends recites: "30th day of Fourth Month, 1778, Fifth-day of the week. We set off from John Roberts's about 9 o'clock in the morning, and although we were under pleasant feelings at our return, they were considerably abated by observing as we approached to the city the devastations committed by the English army in their excursions around it. The fences were gen-

erally destroyed, the fields of grass and corn left exposed, houses demolished and left desolate, which sorrowful appearance extends for some miles around the city." The women came, too, but perhaps gave a little freer vent to their feelings, thus reunited once more after nearly eight months of harassing separation.

**ARTHUR HOWELL**

**(1748–1816)**

*“One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.”*

—Psalms.

## ARTHUR HOWELL.

A biography, be it ever so brief, usually opens with some account of the childhood of the man or woman whose career is to be sketched.

Often most interesting incidents belong to these early years. The further removed a man is from the ordinary people of his day, in either greatness or goodness, the more anxious we are to know something of his boyhood. In the case of Arthur Howell, the subject of this sketch, we shall have to be content with very little. There seems to be almost nothing of his early life recorded; we do not know of his infancy, his school-days, or his years of young manhood. His father and mother, Joseph and Hannah Howell, lived in Philadelphia, Pa., and there in 1748, on the twentieth of Eighth Month, little Arthur was born. His home was on Chestnut Street, between Third and Fourth, where the Bank of North America now stands. It is said that he had a quick, lively turn of mind, and was very obedient. When he was only sixteen years old we find that he had spoken as a minister in meeting, and by the time he had reached his twenty-first year his gift in the ministry was acknowledged by his fellow members. It would be very interesting could we only turn to some book and read an account of him as he appeared in this early period,



but we are denied that \*pleasure. It is said that he kept a diary during a part of his life, but if existing now it is not known where it may be found. For four years, from 1807 to 1811, he made little entries in his day-book at his place of business, heading them "Remarks on the weather, etc." These are very interesting reading, simply and clearly written. He frequently attended funerals, and nearly every entry tells of some death or a funeral attended. These funerals often drew forth instructive remarks and incidents. His meekness and his dislike of alluding to his own deeds prevented his recording much of his own work, or telling of his good services to his fellow-men.

We read in one of the printed sketches of his life that he was a short man, thick-set, indeed rather inclined to be stout. He had a loud, clear voice, and when speaking a peculiar abruptness of manner was noticeable, caused by uttering only a few syllables with each breath. He sat in meeting with his hat pulled well down over his head, and his coat collar worn high to meet his hat, as if he were wrapped in a cloak, and shut up with his own good thoughts from all worldly things.

Arthur Howell was gifted with a remarkable perception of spiritual things. He was granted, it would seem in many instances, a prophetic foresight, a view of things to come or of deeds that were past, and he used this heaven-given knowledge to good advantage, as many anecdotes which have been treasured up will show. This is why the name of "Howell





FRIENDS' BURIAL GROUND, GERMANTOWN, PA.

This is known as the old graveyard, to distinguish it from the plot now in use The cut represents it as seen about the year 1875

To face p. 177.

the Prophet" or the "Quaker Seer" was often applied to him.

One bright summer morning Arthur Howell felt an impression that some service was required of him outside of the city, but where or what he could not tell. He mentioned his feeling to his family, and they encouraged him to get ready, that perhaps his "concern" was to attend a certain meeting held that day out in the country. So after breakfast his horse and carriage (or chaise, as he probably called it) were brought to the door, and he set off with his son Jacob and a young man named William Mott.

The young men were driving, and they turned up the first street they came to: they then asked Arthur, "Which way now?" His only reply was "Drive on." Again and again the young men would ask the way, but Arthur, being still in the dark as to what was being required of him, would only answer "Drive on! drive on!" At last they reached Germantown, a village six miles from his home, and stopped at the house of Arthur Howell's clerk, John Nutts, who lived opposite Friends' Meeting-house and graveyard. As they stopped they saw a funeral approaching, which turned into the graveyard. Arthur Howell now saw a sudden light on the situation. This was his duty; he must attend the funeral. He followed the procession with the young men, and soon was speaking with telling force from the text: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they do rest from their labors and their works do follow them." He spoke ~~as if this had been indeed the~~

happy experience of the person, whether man or woman he knew not, whose funeral they were then attending, and told of the redeemed soul set at liberty from earthly chains. When he had finished he returned in peace to his home. The next day his clerk John said: "Master, does thee know that the people say thee is a prophet?" Arthur asked what he meant. John, by way of reply, told him that the person whose funeral he had attended the day before was a woman who had had a young nephew with a considerable fortune under her care. The boy was taken sick and died, and some evil-minded persons had spread the report that she had caused his death in order to inherit his property. The aunt was so affected at hearing this wicked charge that her health was undermined. She grew weaker and weaker, and at last died of a broken heart. But during her sickness and sorrow she had learned the lesson of faith and courage, and had turned to the Lord for comfort. Near the close of her sickness she had told those about her that the Lord would, in token of her innocence, send one of His ministers to preach at her funeral.

On another occasion Arthur Howell had an interesting and awful experience when, in 1778, he accompanied John Roberts and Abraham Carlile, two members of the Society of Friends, to the scaffold, and before they were hung preached from the cart to the multitude assembled. It was an opportunity that none would covet, yet his fervent sermon on this occasion produced a profound effect. These two

## ARTHUR HOWELL.

Friends had been arrested for treason to our government. Against John Roberts it was charged that he had given General Howe information of a body of our soldiers who were taking some Friends, ordered to be banished to Virginia, up to a prison in Reading; he wanted Howe to cut off the guard and release the Friends. The object in itself was good, but the act was accounted treason. Abraham Carlile's offense was different. When the British entered the city and held it for a time, they placed their soldiers on guard around it, and Carlile accepted the position of issuing orders for admission through the guard. This, too, was a seemingly innocent act; both men, in fact, were helping their friends and neighbors. Their Society had issued advice and caution against any member taking any part in the war. But these Friends had indirectly taken a part in it, and, as it happened, their acts were held to be treasonable by the revolutionary party. These were the unfortunate men whom Arthur Howell accompanied on their last ride to the scaffold.

Let us now turn to a more pleasing story. A company of young people, not Friends, were visiting Philadelphia. They were sight-seeing and viewing every interesting object that came their way. At length they approached a Friends' Meeting House and, being curious to see what Friends were like, stepped inside. At the head of the women's gallery sat a minister from England, and her sweet face, her plain dress, her manner so quiet and peaceful, made a deep impression on one of the young girls; she saw the

result of a good, true life, and she found herself saying over and over: "I wish *I* were like that lady; I wish *I* were like that lady."

While she was thinking this a Friend in the men's gallery arose, and in a clear, loud voice said: "Leave off thinking and desiring and seek for thyself." "How does that gentleman know what I am thinking about?" wondered the young girl. The short sermon was from Arthur Howell, and it went home to its mark. This girl was touched, and naturally felt a desire to see more of Friends. She grew earnest in seeking truth for herself, and became a useful member of the Society.

As Arthur Howell was passing through the market-house one day, he saw a woman Friend standing with her back toward him. He did not know her, but he felt it his duty to speak to her. He came up behind her and, with a hand on either arm, said: "What art thou doing, standing with thy arms akimbo in the market? Go and preach the Gospel!" This woman had long been under a feeling that she ought "to go and preach the Gospel," but she had not yielded to the call, nor did she do so now, and as a consequence she became so troubled that her mind grew unsettled, and at last she became insane.

Another unlooked-for warning was given to a young man whom Arthur Howell passed on the street. "Young man," he said, "if thou enter into that thou art going about, it will be thy utter ruin." The young man was just planning a speculation, but this remarkable warning so impressed him that he gave it

up, and he saw afterward that had he gone on with it, it would indeed have been his "utter ruin."

At another time Arthur Howell saw a carriage standing in the street, and looking in he addressed one of the women sitting in it thus: "Thou hast a work to do; do it, and if they knock thee down get up and go at it again." This woman, after several hard trials, became a minister of the Gospel, and even at a good old age was still doing her Master's work.

Arthur Howell's nerves were very much affected by fire. Once, just at the hour when his friend John Letchworth was starting on a religious visit with two women Friends, a fire broke out in the building adjoining John's shop. The shop was filled with paint, varnish, light shavings and other materials quick to catch fire. Although the fire burned fiercely, John started on his journey, while in the street by his friend's property stood Arthur Howell, in a state of considerable excitement, exclaiming: "Master won't let it burn! Master won't let it burn!" And his prediction was correct, the shop was unharmed.

One of the most remarkable instances of his prophetic warnings happened in Salem, N. J. He had gone there to attend a meeting, and after breakfast felt that he must take a walk before meeting. He presently passed a house where many Friends seemed to be gathering. Although he had no idea who lived there he felt clearly that he must go in, and almost as soon as he had entered a deep silence fell upon the group. He then began to address the owner of the house and his wife, of whose history he had no hint.



He told them that he believed that they were forcing their daughter to marry contrary to her wishes, and if they succeeded it would be the daughter's ruin now and hereafter. So much holy power seemed present that many of the company were moved to tears. The father and mother were convinced that they were wrong, and submitted to the daughter's desire. She afterward married the man of her choice, and was very happy, living a good, useful life.

There are many more such incidents on record, one hardly knows when to stop selecting them ; they are all interesting and show clearly the Divine leading to which he yielded his obedience.

At a grave he once said : " Friends, I see the Angel of Death hovering over this company, saying : ' Shall I smite them, my Father, shall I smite them ? ' " In a few months seven ministers who were then around that grave had been smitten indeed by the Angel of Death.

He seemed to " see through " people, and a deceit, no matter how carefully practised, did not blind him as to its true character.

In 1798 a Frenchman named John De Marsalac came to this country. He soon began to attend Friends' meetings, became plain in dress, and asked to be received into membership. On the Monthly Meeting day that he was received as a member, Arthur Howell said to a nephew : " I have been to Monthly Meeting to-day, and have heard John De Marsalac received, and now, Israel, mark my word ; he will turn out a rascal." Sure enough, see what

happened! The Frenchman preached frequently in meeting, and was well thought of and received in all places as a good Friend, but in 1806 he returned to France, and when the ship was a little way out to sea he threw off his plain coat, and taking up a fiddle began to play, and danced about singing: "I'm done with the Quakers, I'm done with the Quakers."

This John De Marsalac was afterwards supposed to be a man in the service of Napoleon, sent to America to spy out things of interest to the French. In fact, no doubt was left among Friends that he had joined the Society and made himself one of them, so as to ward off suspicion and more easily move about among the people, to obtain the information for which he had been sent over.

In the memoranda already alluded to which Arthur Howell kept for those few years (1807-1811), we often find the entry of a death with no name given, as the following: "A very rich, poor man buried yesterday. Came from England some years since, accumulated a great estate, 'tis said his daily income was twenty-five dollars. Had not a mind to use it as it ought to have been used, which in his last illness he was in mercy given to see, and like many others gone before him, promised that should he recover, he would be more liberal; but alas! his wealth is now left to those perhaps who will not thank him nor make good use of it."

An interesting incident in his day-book is the following: "2d Mo., 25th, 1810. First of the week,

pleasant, crossed the river about half-past nine and attended Newton meeting. Son Jacob, Jos. Shoemaker, and two young men who were at the ferry accompanied us. Richard Jordan was favored in testimony."

Then follows a long "N. B.," in which we are told how good and profitable it is for us to attend to small impressions on our mind; that we too often pay no heed to the Divine Director, and so miss much that would help us to live rightly. He concludes the sentence: "I leave these simple yet weighty truths for the profit and instruction of others in future generations, so clear am I, from long experience, that there is no Guide so safe to follow." Then he tells how on that morning as he and his son were about starting on this trip, he was thinking of the two ferries, either one of which would take them to the desired landing, but the "upper" seemed the one by which they should cross; when they reached the foot of the hill, however, his son Jacob made for the lower ferry; he followed, but when they reached it he was not satisfied, his mind still turned to the other one; so they went to the "upper" ferry, and there they found Joseph Shoemaker and two other young men looking at the floating ice. Arthur Howell mentioned to Joseph the meeting to which they were bound, and he and the other two at once desired to go with them. The record ends thus: "It may seem a small thing, and not worth inserting, but had I paid no heed to those impressions, and crossed at the lower ferry, they would not have attended that meeting, and thereby

missed of the instruction they no doubt received from Richard's testimony."

Under several dates he mentions incidents that to us seem echoes from a very distant past—picturesque reminders of old times—how he loaded a wagon for Columbia, a "broad-wheeled Conestoga," with one hundred hides and a barrel of oil, a 60-hundred weight on the wagon; how in one of those wagon-trains, four head to a wagon, fourteen horses were killed out of sixteen by a stroke of lightning during a severe storm; how a shark pursued a colored man who was bathing in the Schuylkill River, attempting to bite him, and although the fish got aground it was not captured; how two Friends from Fishing Creek, Va., visited Philadelphia, bringing pheasants and partridges, which they sold, the former at thirty-seven cents a pair and the latter at seventy-five cents a dozen.

One morning in First Month, 1811, he writes that it is snowing and he is out of wood, having not a wheelbarrowful at home. So after meeting he goes in search of some, and buys two cords at \$8.00 a cord, then quaintly writes: "Having neglected laying it in in summer, as has been my usual practice, must now pay near double price. We must live and learn, and endeavor to grow wiser as we grow older. Bought wit, it is said, is good if not bought too dear."

He records the death of Susanna Warder, in her one hundred and ninth year, a servant of William Penn, the daughter of a cook born in Penn's house, and when unable to work, comfortably supported by the Penn family.

Even such a simple little entry as the following is of interest after nearly one hundred years are passed, "1810, 1 Mo., 12th. High wind, heavy rain, roads very bad. Horses scarcely able to drag an empty chaise through some parts. I. Abbot informs, he saw Jackson's, the English Ambassador's Carriage, sticking fast on the Bristol road, four good horses not being able to drag it out."

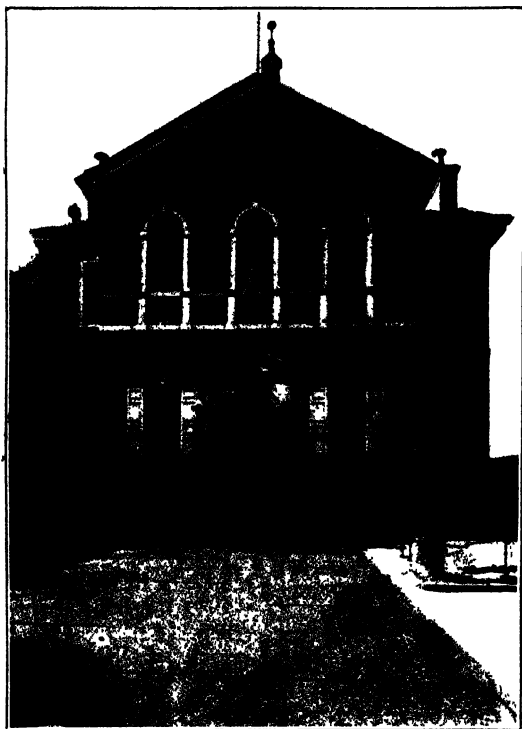
On the second of Eleventh Month, 1810, he writes : "Yesterday was my birthday, and entered into my sixty-third year. Lord preserve me to the end is my prayer, that I may not dishonor my profession or Thy name."

Do not think that this Friend forgot the date of his birth, or that records are wrong, for you may have noticed that near the beginning of this sketch it is stated that he was born twentieth of Eighth Month, and now on second of Eleventh Month he is noting his birthday. "O. S." (old style) should have been added to the first date.\*

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\* In 1752 the method of numbering the months was changed ; instead of the year beginning with the Third Month, as had been the case, it was changed so that it commenced with the First Month. Thus two months were dropped, as it were, and instead of the Eighth Month being the time of his birth, it was in the Tenth Month, "new style." It was in 1752 also that eleven days were taken from Ninth Month, making the 8rd the 14th. This was to even up time, which had gone ahead of the calendar, so that eleven days more had to be dropped, and that put the day of the month ahead eleven days. It must have been quite perplexing to the people of those days to get all their dates straightened out, and in some of the countries most cherished anniversaries had to be redated.





CARPENTERS' HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

*To face p 187*

Arthur Howell owned a leather store on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. He was very neat and clean in his dress, and was particular that the store and the ground around it should be cleaned and swept daily. He could not bear dirt or disorder. He once wrote: "Was up before 5 a.m., brushed my yards, etc., from end to end." Thus, although he was an influential Friend, with a good business, and rich, as riches were counted in those days, he was not above being seen by his neighbors and friends sweeping and making clean his own store.

He tells us in his memoranda that in 1810 he built a new store, on Hudson's Alley, and in digging the foundation next to Carpenters' Hall, the workmen were in great danger of having that building fall on them, its foundations being much shallower than those dug for the new store. But though some forty cart-loads of dirt caved in on them, nothing serious happened. Had they not built a good strong wall two feet thick, and fortunately reached a height of five or six feet before a very heavy rain came on them, it was generally believed the Hall would have fallen. "I note this," he says, "as it occurred, for future information." Carpenters' Hall is still standing. It is a place of much historic interest, being the building in which the first Continental Congress was held. It was built in 1724 by the Society of House Carpenters as a place of meeting, and was also used for several years by the first Bank of the United States.

Arthur Howell had a wife and an interesting



family of children. In 1778 he married Mary Mott. She outlived him many years, and all her life was of a particularly sensitive disposition. She was modest and retiring, being no visitor, but her affection for her near friends was very marked. There were seven children. The two daughters, Deborah and Hannah, never married; of the five sons, four married and left families, and to-day there are many descendants of Arthur and Mary Howell around Philadelphia. The two daughters lived in the old Howell home, and had many little nieces and nephews around them; never were aunts loved more than these. Deborah was talented as a young girl; she studied French under Stephen Grellet. Arthur Howell was very anxious that his daughter Hannah should go to Westtown School, but she did not like the idea of leaving home. The girls had their mother's disposition, and were rather shy and retiring. In a letter which the father sent home when he was away on a religious visit, we find the remark: "I hope my dear little Hannah is trying to make up her mind to go to Westtown." But she never did go, so it seems she was not urged against her will.

Arthur and Mary Howell, as was often the custom in those days, took a young colored girl to bring up. She married early, but most unhappily, and when her kind friends heard of her sufferings they took her and her daughters back into their household. The daughters grew up and served the family until they had homes of their own, and their old mother was cherished to the end. A nice bright room was fitted

up for her, and the little children of the family delighted to take their books and toys up to "Abby." They all loved the sweet-spirited old woman, and they truly mourned when she was taken from them by death.

We have told how Arthur Howell prospered in business; his leather store was well known and much frequented by his friends. His strict honesty is a matter of comment even yet. It is told that once he bought a lot of oil at a certain price, but before the oil was delivered the price went up very much at the manufacturer's; still the wholesale merchant sent him the goods and did not remark on the advance of price, knowing that "a bargain's a bargain." But Arthur Howell would not accept the whole sacrifice, and divided the loss evenly with the merchant. In his notebook he enters, "Honesty is best, it's the best policy."

Arthur Howell often traveled as a minister, and became widely known outside of his city. He was a frequent visitor at neighboring meetings and Quarterly Meetings, and often had minutes to visit those at a greater distance.

It is said that he was in the habit of leaving his communications for the last of the meeting, in fact until it was about time for meeting to close. J. R. Elfreth writes that his father told him the following: One day he saw Nicholas Waln, that lively, pleasing, and quick-witted, but deeply religious Friend and minister, meet Arthur as he came from his seat in the gallery, and standing in front of him, recite the following rhyme:—

“ Arthur Howell, what's the reason,  
Thou art always out of season.  
When it's time to go away  
Thou must either preach or pray.”

It seems not very respectful for one minister thus to speak to another, but we must suppose that Arthur Howell knew Nicholas Waln and his manner of speech, and so took no offence.

In 1793 the yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia. It was an anxious time. We may be thankful that we do not have such great harvests of death in these days. Now medical men know better how to conquer the dread diseases. During the Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Months the fever raged in all parts of the city. Rich and poor, high and low alike were stricken. Thousands died; and out of the 21,000 inhabitants, 8,000 were at one time in places of safety outside the city, while double that number, it is said, fled from time to time, some staying only a little while.

Arthur Howell promptly sent his wife and children to a home in the country, but himself remained to work among the afflicted. Neither the advice of his friends nor the pleadings of his family could shake his determination to give all the help in his power to these stricken ones.

He wrote to his wife: “ I am very contented in my allotment, believing, yea, being unshakenly assured, I am in my place, and though a thousand should fall on one side and ten thousand on the other, I have nothing to fear, because the precious presence of my

God is with me, and until He gives me liberty to remove my dwelling I shall not take it. Rest assured, my dear, nothing short of this and a clear prospect of duty would induce me to tarry in this city, which, thou knowest, I have often heretofore called a city of blood."

The Relief Committee appointed him one of a sub-committee to notify them of those in need. His district was the south side of Market Street to the north side of Chestnut. One can scarcely conceive the horror of those days, or the true courage it took to take care of and comfort the sick. The streets were nearly deserted. Those who remained in the city only left their homes when absolutely necessary, and when they went out they carried and continually smelled tar, camphor, or vinegar. There were often over one hundred burials a day. Carts would make the rounds of the streets every twenty-four hours, the drivers calling over and over, "Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" Death came very quickly after a person was first stricken, and no one knew when the terrible fever would be stayed. Graves were dug in rows, so as to be used at any moment. Large sums of money were offered for nurses, but very, very few could be obtained, the demand was so much greater than the supply. The old Walnut Street Hospital was one of the few hospitals which the city then had, and it was always crowded. To undertake this work of nursing of his own accord was a brave, heroic act. Most faithfully did Arthur Howell perform the duty given him by the authori-

ties; not only did he attend to reporting the cases, but he tenderly nursed the sick, and in many instances was one of the very few that attended the sad burials.

In his note-book in 1808 he refers to this time. After attending a very large funeral, he writes: "I wish Friends would feel their way in attending funerals, then there would be more solemnity in paying the last offices of love. Many I fear attend too carelessly. I have frequently to look back at the burials in 1793, when only a few solitary real mourners attended. It was then an awful, solemn season, not knowing whose turn would be next, when death with a high hand was commissioned to do his office, and thousands were snatched away from time into an endless eternity. Solemn and awful was the time. My soul and all that is within me forget it not."

One day toward the end of Ninth Month, 1793, when the fever had nearly passed away and most of the families had returned to the city, a well-known colored man named Benny called on Arthur Howell, asking for work at sawing and splitting wood. The next morning Arthur Howell seemed very serious as he came from his room. One of his children asked him if he were sick. "No," he answered, "but Benny is dead." A son asked him how he could say that, when the man had been there asking for work only the evening before. Arthur said again, "Benny is dead; come with me and see." So the father and son started for the small house where Benny had been living alone. On their way they met some friends, and Arthur Howell called out to them of the death





AN ALMSHOUSE COTTAGE, WALNUT PLACE,  
PHILADELPHIA.

Agnes Repplier says, in her "*Philadelphia—The Place and the People* " "The increasing wealth of the province manifested itself" (among other things) "in a sane philanthropy, devoid of whims and sentiment. The charity of the Quakers has always extended to the bodies as well as to the souls of men. In 1713, when the city was still in its infancy, they built 'for the habitation and succour of the poor and unfortunate,' the pretty rural cottages known as the Quaker almshouses. Each cottage had its patch of ground, where the aged inmates, unshamed by the stigma of pauperism, cultivated bright flowers and healing herbs. It was a beautiful haven, affording not only shelter, but 'opportunities for study and meditation.'" The last of the cottages disappeared about 1876.

To face p. 193

and asked them also to go with him. On reaching the house they found the door fastened, but breaking it open, they found Benny dead within. This was one of the last deaths from the yellow fever that year.

In 1798 there was another fearful siege of the fever, and again Arthur Howell stayed in the city, doing brave service, and again he escaped the disease. A letter to a cousin who was in the army shows the same faith as expressed before. It is partly quoted here: "My lot, from present prospects, will be to remain in the city. As thou knowest, dear cousin, when a soldier in the outward army is fixed at his post by his commanding officer, however dangerous it may appear to him or to others, it is death for him to desert it, and so do I view my present situation, and unless I receive a command from my dear Master and Captain to move therefrom I dare not, however hazardous my stay may, to myself or others, appear. His power is the same as it ever was. . . . He preserved Daniel in the lion's den, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace, and he can, and I firmly believe will, preserve me and all those whose whole trust and confidence is fixed on Him."

In his family Bible he wrote some reflections on these days of the dread sickness, telling of the sadness of the people, the lonesomeness of the city, the horror of it all, and concludes: "May my dear offspring, to whom I leave these few lines, remember Him in the days of their youth, that so they may, as I do, know Him to be their God, a stay in youth, a



staff to lean upon in more advanced days. Verily, He is, and ever hath been, 'a strength to the needy in distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.'"

Arthur Howell died in 1816, aged sixty-eight years. He was sick only two days, but many little instances remembered after his death made his friends believe that he saw his death approaching and was making himself ready. All his outward affairs were settled, and he seemed relieved of earthly cares. He had helped many during his life; he was loved, honored and respected, and was mourned with sincere sorrow by his many friends.

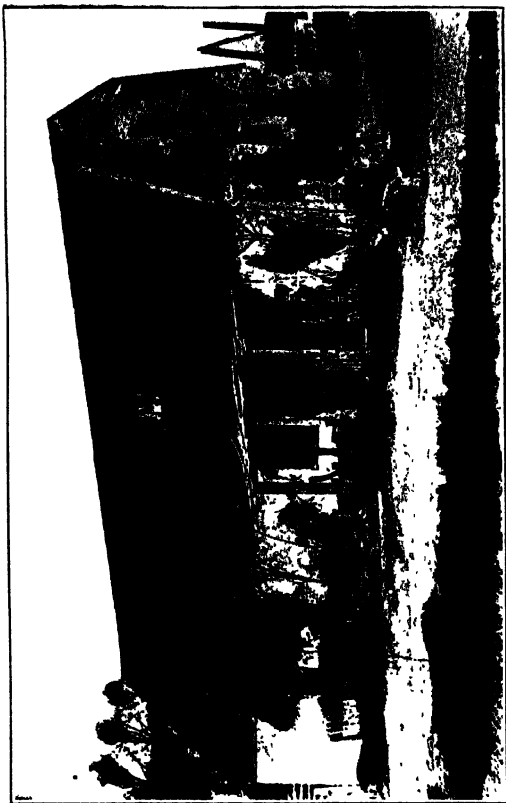
**JOHN CHURCHMAN**

**(1705–1775)**

*"I have seen that all the bustles and noises that are now in the world will end in confusion, and our young men, who know not an establishment in the Truth and the Lora's fear for a ballast, will be caught in a trying moment."*

**John Churchman (on his death-bed).**





PUSEY HOUSE, NEAR CHESTER, Pa.

Erected by Caleb Pusey in 1683 and occasionally occupied by William Penn. The name Pusey is of very ancient English origin. Caleb Pusey was the first representative of the family in America. The name soon appeared in what is now Chester County, carried thither, in all probability, by descendants of this first settler.

# JOHN CHURCHMAN.

## THE NOTTINGHAM LOTS.

On a spring morning in 1701, the little settlement of Chester, Pennsylvania, on the Delaware River, was astir with unusual life. Was there a vessel expected from England bringing tidings from the home friends to whom the settlers had bade farewell but three years before? \*

William Penn is the centre of a group of men and women, and the interest depicted on every face is a guarantee that something out of the ordinary life of the little hamlet is going on. Presently saddled horses, one, two, three, more than a dozen appear, and it soon becomes evident that an excursion inland is the cause of the excitement among the people. It was an ordinary thing for several boat loads to pull away from the low dock and row either up or down the river in search of game, but for a company of horsemen, with such preparations as these, to appear in the streets of their little village was wonderment enough to the home-stayers.

This was, as our date reminds us, soon after William Penn's return to Pennsylvania following his first visit to England; he had learned that settlers under grants from Lord Baltimore were threatening to en-

croach on his territory to the westward, and with no well-defined boundary line as yet dividing Pennsylvania from Maryland, he felt a natural interest in securing his rights to the territory lying toward the Susquehanna River.

This explains the unusual stir in Chester on this spring morning, and it is our purpose to follow the company of well-mounted horsemen as they wave their farewells to the families at home and turn away from the river ; pausing a moment at the last house of the settlement, the home of Caleb Pusey, the riders are soon lost in the forest that skirts the Chester Creek. They find little more than a bridle-path to follow, for though a few pioneers had penetrated into this part of the wilderness, no important roads had been laid out, and but few settlements had been made far back from the river. You may wonder where these well-mounted horses came from, but eighteen years before, during William Penn's first visit to America, he wrote to the friends at home : " We have no want of horses, and some are very good and shapely enough. Two ships have been freighted to Barbados with horses and pipe-staves since my coming in. Here is also plenty of cow-cattle and some sheep. The people plough mostly with oxen." During the eighteen years great improvements had been made, and the Friends had gained in wealth.

They were beginning to feel crowded in the settlements near the river, and the instinct that prompted some of the fathers to leave England in 1682, now prompted their sons to push further back into the

wilderness, and try for themselves the life of the pioneer. This same instinct has had an important part to play in the settlement of our country. It may have been the desire to move from a slave State to a free, or it may have been a greed for gold that has induced many a family to cross over the mountains, and then later to go beyond the Mississippi, till at last the Pacific has been reached by the fourth or fifth generations from those who made up the expedition of 1701; but we shall be sure to find that one element to be reckoned with is the inborn desire for adventure, which prompted John Churchman, William Brown, Richard Reynolds, and the rest of this party to leave old Chester, and has often through centuries since re-asserted itself in certain of their children.

The men, as we have said, were well mounted, and carried with them camp fixtures, to provide them the necessary comforts for a few nights in the woods. At nightfall they pitched camp somewhere near the watershed that divides the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers, and the next day traveled on, till past noon they came to a fine spring of water, where the second camp was made. This spring still flows, just as it did two hundred years and more ago, and close by the roadside, hidden under some hazel bushes, many a traveler has since paused to refresh himself, not knowing that the first white men to visit the spot were William Penn and his company of explorers.

Satisfied with the country they were now in—for a more promising stretch of farm land it would be difficult to picture—Penn felt that he had gone far



enough. Friendly Indians advised him that but a short distance beyond was the Octoraro, one of the principal tributaries of the Susquehanna, and so, on the morning of the third day from home, the country in the immediate neighborhood of the spring was explored, and near noon-time, having reached a low, rounded hilltop from which the ground sloped gently in all directions, Penn, with his friends gathered about him, declared his intention of having a survey of the land made, dividing it into convenient lots, and commanded their special attention to the fact "that he then and there set apart forty acres of land, to them and their successors forever, for the combined purpose of public worship, the right of burial, and the privilege of education."

During the two centuries that have passed since this happened, the great hickories and walnuts and chestnuts which covered the plains in all directions have yielded to the axe, and beautiful farm lands have taken their places; but the forty acres have remained intact, two large burial-grounds, a great meeting-house with its ample surrounding enclosure, and a school-house close by, attest that through the generations a loyal regard has been had to William Penn's closing remarks.

As the third day drew toward a close, the horsemen turned their faces eastward, and so ends this episode of the exploration of the "Nottingham Lots."

#### A PIONEER'S HOME.

Among those horsemen was John Churchman, father of the subject of this sketch. A few months

later if one had paused on the hilltop where William Penn had stood, and looked off toward the north, he would have seen a little patch of cleared land and a low log house, a veritable pioneer's cabin. Here John Churchman the emigrant, and his wife Hannah, had settled—he busy with the daily tasks that called him to the little patches of cleared land about the cabin, which each year grew larger, and she just as busy within doors about the simple tasks of their little home.

Some one writing of such a home as this, looking back to it when he had attained manhood, said: "I respect my father and mother deeply for their anxiety and sacrifices to give their children the best education possible. Their children, grandchildren and so on to the twentieth generation will have reason to bless the memory of parents of such true worth. For breakfast in olden times there was bread and milk as soon as the cows were milked. About nine o'clock there was a luncheon of bread and cheese, or fried pork and potatoes. For dinner we had a good Indian pudding. Often there were blueberries or suet in it. We had also for dinner pork and beef through the winter and spring, besides potatoes, turnips, and cabbage. At four or five o'clock in the summer evenings we had some bread and cheese or the like. For supper we had bread and milk. When there was company chocolate was used for breakfast, but no coffee. Pewter basins and sometimes wooden bowls were used. Wooden plates were used for dinner. When a friend dined, pewter plates and spoons were used by

father, mother, and the friend. I do not think swearing was ever heard until after the Revolution. I do not remember seeing my father or mother angry, but they were sometimes displeased no doubt. I do not remember more than one man being drunk. Rum was commonly used at the raising of buildings. If the raising was finished before night the men amused themselves with wrestling, goal and coits (quoits). Goal was the favorite game of the boys after Thanksgiving and election days, the only holidays which I remember."

#### THE BOYHOOD OF JOHN CHURCHMAN, JR.

It was in this Nottingham home that the parents were living when a son was born to them on the fourth of Sixth Month, 1705. Meanwhile, although but four years had elapsed since William Penn's visit to the settlement, many Friends had come to make ~~their homes~~ at Nottingham. Penn's surveyor had laid off tracts, some of them of one thousand acres; it was Nos. 16 and 17 that John Churchman had secured; he died when his son John was about nineteen, and was the first to be interred in the Nottingham graveyard.

The boy John was carefully trained by his parents; ~~his~~ his school advantages were very slight, but what little he had he improved to good purpose. Many years afterwards, when he had preached with great force and eloquence at some town in New England, one of his hearers remarked to him after the meeting that ~~he~~ he must have had great advantages at school; John

Churchman told him that he had attended school but three months in his life, and that in a log school-house, and that while he studied his lessons his teacher worked at his loom.

The tract of land on which was situated the spring where William Penn and his party camped was included in the Nottingham lots, and this particular lot became the property of a Friend named Brown. A little daughter in this family grew up to maidenhood, and in 1729 became the wife of young John Churchman. By this time the log meeting house on the hilltop had given place to a brick house, the bricks having been burned in England and brought to this country as ballast for the ships—a thing not uncommon at that time. We shall refer to this period of John Churchman's life later.

He was like other boys in his tastes and inclinations, but few boys of his position in life could be found who had so few outward advantages. The little meeting house and settlement of Friends at the cross-roads and the scattered families of Friends in the surrounding country made up the neighborhood. Twice each week John Churchman went to the meeting, half a mile away, and on Monthly Meeting day a cavalcade of Friends rode over the hills eastward to New Garden Meeting, while sometimes it was the boy's good fortune to attend the great Quarterly Meeting at Concord; these were rare occasions, however, and for the most part his time was spent in the round of daily duties near home.

Very early in life his heart was touched with the

love of his Heavenly Father toward him, and he had very serious thoughts. Near the beginning of his Journal he makes this entry: "My father sent me about three miles on an errand; I rode a mare which had a colt, perhaps half a year old; on my return home the colt ran away from the mare to a company of wild horses which were feeding not far from the path I was on; so I went home without the colt. My father asked me where the colt was; I told him where it went from me; he bid me go to the place with speed, that it might follow the mare home. I went, and found the wild horses feeding on a piece of ground where the timber trees had been killed, perhaps about two or three years, but before I went among the dead trees a mighty wind-storm arose, which blew some down, and many limbs flew about. I stood still with my mind turned inward to the Lord, who I believed was able to preserve me from hurt; so I passed among the trees without fear, save the fear of the Lord, which fills the hearts of his humble dependent children with love that is stronger than death. I found the colt, which readily followed the mare, and I returned home with great thankfulness to the Lord for his mercy and goodness to me on this occasion."

This gives us a picture of the serious turn of the lad's mind even at this early age, and we shall find that all through his long life he followed out the impression which was so strong upon him then, that "the Lord was able to preserve him from hurt."

John Churchman tells us that as a young man he

began the practice of reviewing each day's events when he went to bed, and the practice soon grew into a habit with him. He is by no means alone in this good custom, for many a man owes his success in temporal matters to the careful survey he has given daily to the day's doings; but John Churchman had a higher and a more worthy object in view than worldly advantage. He speaks of it thus: "It was my practice when I went to bed to examine how I had spent the past day, and to endeavor to feel the presence of the Lord near, which I did for some considerable time prefer to all other things, and I found this practice a great help to sleep sweetly, and by long experience I can recommend it to children and to those also of riper age."

#### JOHN CHURCHMAN'S CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

John Churchman became a remarkable minister among Friends, and made long journeys to all parts of the colonies; he was a close friend of the Pemberton brothers, three wealthy Philadelphia Friends, two of whom held very prominent political positions until the war measures of 1755 caused them to give up politics. He was a warm friend also of Samuel Fothergill, the English minister, who made such an impression on American Friends, and was so helpful at a time when the Society seemed on the verge of disbanding; he made a long journey to Friends in Great Britain and Holland, and on more than one occasion visited the Indians on the North Susquehanna.

It will be of interest to us to see how a man, who afterward became so widely known as a Gospel minister, began his service. We shall find it was in a very small way, among his own people in the backwoods settlements at Nottingham. He was naturally a delicate child, and often was confined to the house; on one occasion he was so ill that it seemed likely that he could not recover; at that time he knew that God's spirit was striving with his spirit, and making clear to him what he ought to do, but while he was not guilty of any gross sins, he knew very well that he was not at peace with his Heavenly Father. In 1724, when he was nineteen, his father died, and the care of the mother and the little home now rested upon him; he felt the responsibility of his situation, and this tended to deepen his seriousness.

He had prior to this time taken some little part in business meetings, but the first record we have in his Journal of his willingness to follow the pointings of duty in a particular case we shall give in his own words: "I had strong desires that elderly Friends should be good examples to the youth, not only in word and conversation, but in meetings for the worship of God, and it grieved me exceedingly to see any of them overcome with sleep, and my concern for one Friend on that account was so great that I knew not what was best to do, and reasoned after this manner: Lord! thou knowest that I am young and he an elderly man; he will not take it well that I should speak to him, and perhaps I may yet fall, and if so, the more I take upon me the greater my fall will be.

Besides, though I have spoken in meetings for discipline, when truth had been strong upon me, yet out of meetings I am not fit to reprove or speak to particulars. For I was cautious, indeed, in those days, of talking about religion or good things from a fear of getting a habit thereof, and so not knowing the true motive, which I thought I had observed to be the failing of some. In this strait it came into my mind to go to the person in the night as the most private time and manner, for if I took him aside before or after a meeting others might wonder for what, and I might betray my weakness and reproach the good cause and do no good. So in the evening I went, desiring the Lord to go with me and guide me if it was a motion from Him. When I came to the house it was dark; I called, and the Friend came out to see who was there, and invited me in. I told him I was in haste to go home, but wanted to speak with him, if he pleased, and so passed quickly toward home to draw him from the door, and then told him my concern for him in a clear, honest, plain manner, and, without staying to reason much, left him in a tender, loving disposition, as I believe."

Two years later he was one of a committee who visited the families of their meeting. These families were now widely scattered, for thirty years had elapsed since William Penn deeded the lots at Nottingham; they had all been taken, and Friends, moving westward, had already made homes for themselves further in the wilderness beyond the Susquehanna River, and in some places were becoming so num-



erous as to suggest that meetings be set up for them in their new neighborhoods. It was on this visit that John Churchman first appeared among his people in the capacity of a minister of the Gospel. He recognized the seriousness and the dignity of the service, and throughout his long life his labors were helpful to those among whom the Lord sent him to labor.

### HIS MARRIAGE.

Late in the autumn of 1729, at an appointed meeting in the meeting house, which was now called East Nottingham, John Churchman was married. This is the way he speaks of his marriage: "When I had entered the twenty-fifth year of my age I accomplished marriage with Margaret Brown, a virtuous young woman, whom I had loved as a sister for several years, because I believed she loved religion. I think I may safely say it was in a good degree of the Lord's pure fear, and a sense of the pointings of truth on both sides, that we took each other, on the twenty-seventh day of the Eleventh Month, 1729, in an appointed meeting at East Nottingham, and I thought that our Heavenly Father owned us with his presence at that time. The covenants made in marriage are exceeding great, and I think they can never be rightly kept and truly performed without Divine assistance, and I am convinced if all who enter into a marriage state would in the Lord's fear truly seek His assistance they would know their own tempers kept down, and instead of jarring and discord, unity of spirit, harmony





JOHN CHURCHMAN'S HOME, NOTTINGHAM, PA.

of conduct, and a concern to be exemplary to their offspring would increase and be maintained."

There was no wedding journey in those days; the young bride left her father's home, which was the little house by the spring to which we have already alluded, and by a well-beaten path through the tracts of dead trees and clearing, she came with her young husband to the little log house, part of which is still standing, though more than 206 years old.

The next few years of John Churchman's life are of great interest, showing the struggle he was going through to overcome his reluctance to do what it was his duty to do. He alluded to the feeling that often came over him that he ought to do this or that, but for fear of doing the wrong thing or even the right thing at the wrong time, he made little headway. One day when he felt that it would be right for him to speak in meeting he got to reasoning in this wise: "Surely, I have known of a call being given to men to speak in meeting where it would be with so great a power and authority that they could not withstand it, but with myself there has been no such call, just a gentle prompting, so that I am afraid to speak the little message that is given to me." The following illustration is what came into his mind as the solution; his own simple way of expressing it cannot but be instructive to all who read it:—

"If thou wast to take a lad, an entire stranger to thy language and business, however likely he appeared for service, thou must speak loud and distinctly

to him, and perhaps with an accent or tone that might show thee to be in earnest, to engage his attention and point out the business ; but thou wouldst expect it should be otherwise with a child brought up in thine house, who knew thy language, and with whom thou hadst been familiar ; thou wouldst expect him to wait by thee and watch thy motions, so as to be instructed by thine eye looking upon him, or pointing thy finger, and would rebuke or correct such an one if he did not obey thy will on such a small intelligent information."

It was not until John Churchman was thirty years of age that he was recorded a minister. Three were recorded at the one meeting the same day, all in the same family—John Churchman, his widowed sister, who had married a Brown, and his brother-in-law, William Brown. We shall hear of this William Brown further.

The recognition of his gift in the ministry by his meeting seems to have been a great strength to the young man, for at once he went forth from his home as a messenger to others. To any one familiar with the geography of eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, the course of John Churchman's journeys for the following few years would be of interest. He gives in the Journal a faithful outline of his travels, and at times treats us to some account of his own experiences.

t one time, while paying religious visits to the meetings in a certain section of Chester County, he

stopped at the house of a worthy Friend, and as they sat by the fireside in the evening this Friend asked him why he chose the winter season, when many infirm folks could hardly attend meeting, and said, further, that he had wondered whether "publick Friends" did not take that time to serve their Master, because they could do so little for themselves. This must have been pretty plain talk from an old man to one so young and inexperienced as John Churchman then was, for we remember he was but little past thirty.

John Churchman was always respectful. There is no record in his whole Journal where he was not courteous and thoughtful of the feelings of others. On this special occasion he sat a little while in silence, and then spoke to the aged Friend somewhat as follows: "It came fresh in my mind to ask him whether Friends could eat to supply and sustain their bodies in the summer and partake also of spiritual food for their souls in that season, so as not to labor in the winter and care for the sustenance of their bodies, or [not] assemble and attend meetings to worship and wait upon God for spiritual food for their souls?" From these words the elder Friend must have seen that meetings, like meals, are needed at all seasons. This was the time when Samuel Fothergill, traveling in America, found so many Friends ripe in age but not in religious experience, and judging from his letters and Journal he had some plain truths given him to utter. John Churchman shared in this kind of labor, but as has just been said, he was always kind and spoke only to help and never to offend.

At one time he was in New Jersey traveling with an English Friend, John Hunt, and they came to a place where the people "were too rich, full and whole in their own eyes." This is John Churchman's way of saying it, and we understand what he means, though the twentieth century would express it differently. John Hunt sat the meeting through in silence, but John Churchman says: "I felt a degree of power of truth to clear myself in an innocent and loving manner." That is, he spoke out what was on his mind. They went home with an elderly Friend, who rebuked him for his plain speech, and asked him what his business was. John Churchman told him that he was a farmer, and when asked whether he could split wood, he replied that he had practised it for many years. The aged Friend said there is an old proverb "'Tis soft knocks must enter hard blocks." "I told him I knew it well," said John Churchman, "but there was some old wood that was rather decayed at heart, and to strike with a soft or gentle blow at a wedge in such blocks would drive it to the head without rending them, and the labor would be lost, when a few smart, lively strokes would burst them asunder. Whereupon he laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, 'Well, my lad, I perceive thou art born for a warrior, and I commend thee.'"

One time when John Churchman was traveling in Talbot County, Maryland, a companion he was with pointed to some old walnut posts standing in the ground, and told him that the posts were the ruins of an old tobacco house where George Fox held his first

meeting on this side of the Chesapeake; there was in their company a third, one John Browning, who at once rode to the posts and sat in stillness as he gazed upon the spot. John Churchman asked him what he saw in those old posts, and this is the answer he received: "I would not have missed of what I saw for five pounds; for I saw the root and ground of idolatry. Before I went I thought perhaps I might have felt some secret virtue in the place where George Fox had stood and preached, whom I believe to have been a good man, but whilst I stood there I was secretly informed that if George was a good man he was in heaven and not there, and virtue is not to be communicated by dead things, whether posts, earth or curious pictures, but by the power of God, who is the fountain of the living virtue."

There exists at this day the same kind of idol worship for places and things as in John Churchman's time, although there is another and higher interest belonging to places and people of historic value which we do well to distinguish from this idol worship.

#### THE NEW HOME AND THE MASON AND DIXON LINE.

So year followed year; much of the time he was at home busy about the farm or attending to the work of a surveyor, for John Churchman was an expert surveyor for that age; at other times he is known to have been called to make important surveys a long distance away from home. His only son, George, learned from his father how to survey, and inherited from him many strong traits of character.



Forty-four years had now passed since the little log cabin was built ; industry and plain living, helped no doubt by the fertility of the soil, had made the little Churchman family very comfortable, and John Churchman began to lay plans for a new house. Just across the creek from the log house, on a piece of low ground near a spring of water, he selected the site for the new home, and in 1745 the brick dwelling was finished.

It still stands, substantial and comfortable to look at, and though now it is one of the oldest and most modest of the farm houses in the neighborhood, we can easily believe that when John Churchman took his aged mother, his wife and son George to the new home a few years before he left them for his long visit to Great Britain, it was one of the most pretentious mansions for many miles around. This and the log house were the only two homes that John Churchman ever occupied. But in 1763 an unusual thing happened ; without moving house or home he found himself in another State, for soon after that date his friends, in visiting him, though they still came to the same house, came into Maryland and not to Pennsylvania, as they had done before. The State boundary line had been shifted. This disputed boundary was not settled until more than a half century after William Penn's death, when two London surveyors named Mason and Dixon, who gave their names to the line, made a final survey, and John Churchman's farm was found to be about a mile south of the line. Line stones were placed at frequent intervals, with the





A "MASON AND DIXON'S LINE" STONE.

One of the stones which marked the line between the possessions of William Penn and Lord Baltimore, now separating Pennsylvania and Maryland.

*To face p. 215.*

arms of the Penn family and of Lord Baltimore on opposite faces. These stones in time were sadly disfigured, but within a few years of the present they have been restored, and are now placed at every tenth mile, the individual miles being designated by smaller stones marked P. and B.

It was about this time that a line of stages began to run from Philadelphia to Baltimore within half a mile of John Churchman's home, and the pioneer life of his boyhood began giving place to something that was much more modern. Some years later the following advertisement was posted in prominent places : "The coach for Philadelphia starts precisely at 4 o'clock a. m. and will arrive the next day by 10 a. m." The usual price for transportation between the two cities was \$8 a passenger, and each person was limited to fifteen pounds of baggage. The changes of horses coming north were made at Belair, Port Deposit, and Brick Meeting House (East Nottingham) in Maryland, and at New London, Kennett, Chadd's Ford, Concord Meeting House, Wrangletown, Providence Meeting House, Gibson's Tavern and Darby in Pennsylvania. Friends traveling north and south naturally made John Churchman's home a resting place.

Just back of his house is a beautiful meadow, and here, we are told, John Churchman one morning found a strange horse pasturing. You will read in the life of Samuel Fothergill of his experiences with his faithful horse "Buck," which carried his master many hundreds of miles in Virginia, and at times

## QUAKER BIOGRAPHIES.

shared his master's simple meal, because there was no horse feed to beg or to buy. Old "Buck" had to be left in Virginia by Samuel Fothergill because he was too feeble to travel further, and his master, with real honest regret, bade him farewell, expecting he would soon die, but, as it happened, when relieved from attending meetings, "Buck" soon got well again, and was brought to the Churchman meadow.

### GOSPEL VISIT TO FOREIGN LANDS.

John Churchman narrates that in a mid-week meeting in the winter of 1748 there came to him in the silence of the meeting this language: "Gather thyself from all the cumbers of the world and be thou weaned from the popularity, love and friendship thereof." He felt this to be a special summons to him to stand in readiness for a new labor, which in due time would be made clear to him, and which he felt might involve a separation for a long time from his family and home cares. Months afterwards, when he had returned from a visit to New Jersey, he was walking alone when such a feeling came over him that he says: "I stood still, and by the reverence that covered my mind I knew that the hand of the Lord was on me, and His presence round about; all flesh was brought into stillness, and light went forth with brightness and shone on Great Britain, Ireland and Holland, and my mind felt the gentle yet strongly drawing cords of that love which is stronger than death, which made me say, 'Lord! Go before and strengthen me, and I will follow whithersoever thou

leadest.' ” This prospect had been in John Churchman's thoughts for fifteen years, but it had not unfolded into a clear vision until this day, as he sagely remarks in his reference to it: “To see a thing is not a commission to do that thing.” His brother and neighbor, William Brown, obtained leave of his home Friends to pay a Gospel visit to Great Britain at the same time.

Accordingly, on the fourth day of Fourth Month, 1750, with numerous relatives in attendance, they went aboard the ship *Carolina* at Philadelphia; their friends left them at Chester, and the ship “went on down the Delaware, out to sea on the afternoon of the sixth,” had a good passage, and landed at Dover just five weeks from the time John Churchman left his own home at Nottingham.

It would be the natural thing for us to suppose that these two brothers, the nature of their errands being the same, would travel together; but they felt that the one might be in the way of the other, and so they followed different courses; their paths often crossed, and they at times exchanged greetings, but during the four years that they were continually engaged in Gospel service each followed his own leadings. William Brown seems to have left no review of his journey; John Churchman, on the other hand, devotes more than a hundred pages of his Journal to this period.

He tells us how on one occasion, during the early part of his sojourn in England, he allowed himself to reason that his brother William Brown had good ser-

vice and "an open time among the people," which greatly pleased him on his brother's account, but greatly discouraged him on his own ; for it seemed to him that he himself "was one of the meanest servants that was ever sent over the sea to preach the Gospel." This gentle caution, the Journal recites, came before him : "Mind thy own business and be faithful in thy gifts; thou hast a great journey before thee, and thy store is small; live therefore frugally, and spend carefully, and covet not another's, and thou shalt not want what is convenient for thyself and something to spare to the needy."

The visit was a very comprehensive one, including as it did the settlements of Friends in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as Holland, while the duty often pressed upon him to hold religious meetings for those not of his own religious society. The great burden that rested upon the spirit of this good man, however, as he journeyed from town to town was for those of his own faith. His visits occurred at a time when Friends in many places had grown lukewarm, and the humility of this gentle messenger and the directness of his speech, combined with a certain grace and courtesy that fitted him as a garment, made him a welcome and helpful visitor to those who had the deepest interest in the welfare of the Church.

He closes this part of the Journal thus : "In this visit I was absent from home four years and twelve days, having traveled by land about nine thousand one hundred miles, and attended about one thousand

meetings, besides those in London and Dublin (in which cities I spent near half a year), and visited all the families of Friends in North and South Holland."

One can gain a fair picture of the state of affairs among English and Irish Friends of this period by a perusal of these pages; they abound with striking instances of special providences, and every page seems to set forth in illuminating characters the faith and trust of this good man in the all-sufficient power of his Divine Master. He made the acquaintance of Samuel Fothergill while in England, and Samuel Fothergill came back to America on the same ship with John Churchman; during the two years he was in this country he was many times a guest at John Churchman's Nottingham home.

Again at home, John Churchman was none the less busy than he had been before his visit abroad. He was in no sense an idler or a loiterer; one of his chief interests at this time centred in the attitude of Friends toward the Indian wars. A clear presentation of this (one of the most interesting phases of American colonial history) will be found in the concluding chapters of Isaac Sharpless's "*Quaker Experiment in Government.*" The Yearly Meeting held in Philadelphia in the spring of 1756 was attended by John Churchman, and also by Samuel Fothergill and other English Friends. It was a time of great excitement among the people, and Friends shared in the general stir. A horrible massacre had but a short time before taken place in one of the counties bordering the upper Susquehanna, and John Churchman relates that ~~as~~



he stood on the doorstep of a friend's house he saw the wagons pass along the streets carrying two or three of the dead bodies of those who had been killed and scalped by the Indians. He writes: "I was made seriously to cry, 'What will become of Pennsylvania? This land is polluted with blood! How can this be, since this has been a land of peace'? But as it were in a moment mine eyes turned to the case of the poor enslaved negroes."

This same year, late in the season, he left his home to attend with other Friends a convention called at Easton, on the Delaware River, of the Indians and the provincial government. Stopping at Philadelphia, the governor of the province declared his disapproval of Friends' attending the meeting, and particularly urged that no tokens of friendship should be given by them to the red men. The Friends did not follow the advice of the governor, but feeling a responsibility themselves at this time towards the Indians, traveled forward, arriving at Easton but two hours after the governor's party.

On the afternoon of the day following the first meeting of the convention took place. Teedyuscung, the sachem, a man worthy the position he held in his tribe, went to the governor and made known to him that it was the wish of himself and his people to restore the ancient good fellowship that had existed during the days of their fathers. Wampum belts were exchanged, and request made that as things heretofore had been misunderstood and forgotten, he might have the liberty to choose a clerk to keep rec-

ord of the transactions of the meeting. The request was not granted, and next morning Teedyuscung renewed it, but was again refused. The Indians now became uneasy lest people in ambush on the farther shore of the river might attack them. Here the Friends played an important part, for with tokens of friendship they prevailed on Teedyuscung to believe that no immediate harm would come to them.

The next day was First-day, and the Friends held meetings for worship attended by a motley concourse of people; in the evening the Indians, having gained permission from the governor, kindled a great fire, and danced about it. John Churchman says: "No endeavors of ours could prevent it." On the following morning the real council began, the sachem's request being at last granted by the governor.

Teedyuscung addressed the company. It little matters now what report the appointed clerk may have made, for we find in the Journal of John Churchman a lively picture of the proceedings. Had Teedyuscung's counsel prevailed, the history of the Pennsylvania Indians during the three decades following this event might have rivalled that of the three that had preceded it. Close by the same river that had witnessed the great treaty between William Penn and the red men, their representatives were again gathered. John Churchman thus describes the meeting: "Next day being again met, the King Teedyuscung said that, according to his word, he had met some of the several nations to do what they could for settling peace, but in the first place he had

seen and considered the black cloud that hung over the land, the blood and bodies of the people who had suffered. 'I have gathered up the stained leaves,' he said, 'the blood and dead bodies, and looked round about, when all seemed terrible, so that I could find no place to hide them, but looking up, I saw the great and good Spirit above. Let us heartily join in prayer to Him, that He may give us power to bury all these things out of sight, that neither the evil spirit nor any wicked person may ever be able to raise them, that we may love like brethren, and the sun may shine clear upon us; that we, our wives, and young men and children may rejoice in a lasting peace; that we may eat the fruits of the earth, and they may do us good so that we may enjoy peace in the daytime, and at night lie down and sleep in it.' He gave a belt of seventeen rows of wampum."

By another belt he told the governor that "he took him by one hand and the Five Nations of Indians and their allies took him by the other; therefore, said he, let us stand as one man, with one heart and one mind, and join in this good work of peace. When we intend to lift or remove a great weight we must be strong; if all do not exert themselves we can never do it, but if all heartily join it is easy to remove it. Our forefathers did not proceed right when they met together; they looked at the earth and things present which will soon pass out of our sight, but did not look forward to the good of posterity. Let us set out right, and do better than they did, that a peace may be settled which may last to our children."

Before the council was ended John Churchman was taken seriously ill, and by easy stages made his way to Philadelphia.

#### HIS LAST DAYS.

This brief sketch will at least have shown us that John Churchman was a man of unusual humility. He seems to have been always ready to carry forward any mission which he felt laid upon him by his Divine Master, but he was not one to claim great power in his own strength. His "marching orders," as we have seen, were not to the far away islands of the sea, nor among heathen people, nor was he ever called to visit the kings and rulers of the earth, but from the time he was twenty-five years of age until his death he was much occupied about his "Master's business."

During a period of illness near the close of his life he spoke to those of his family who were with him: "I desire that my grandchildren may be brought up in a plain, simple way, accustomed to industry and some useful business, not aiming at great estates, nor following others in that way. Give them useful learning, and rather choose husbandry, or some plain calling for them in the country, than endeavor to promote them to ways of merchandise, for according to my observation from my youth up, the former is less dangerous and less corrupting. I observed when I was in England that some of the greatest and wisest men in a religious sense were brought up at the plough, or in some laborious occupation. How many great men there are whose way of living is mean and

homely in this world's account, so that they have little more than real necessity requires, and yet they are rich in the best sense."

This advice seems to correspond closely with his own personal experience. With little intermission he continued to lead a busy life until almost the end. In 1775 a brief illness overtook him which, in the summer of that year, terminated his life.

On the twenty-sixth of Seventh Month a large concourse of people gathered at the Brick Meeting House to attend his funeral. He was *the* marked man of his neighborhood, and his loss was felt to be a personal one by men and women of various religious communities in all the countryside. In the large graveyard close by they buried him under the shade of the same trees that had sheltered Penn and his companions seventy-four years before, when the commonwealth was new.











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